

A

3406.6
2

NEW VERSION

OF THE

P S A L M S

OF

DAVID,

FITTED TO THE

TUNES used in CHURCHES.

K. Bible. O.T. Psalms.

By N. BRADY, D.D.

CHAPLAIN in ORDINARY,

And N. TATE, ESQUIRE,

POET-LAUREAT to HIS MAJESTY.

OXFORD PRINTED.

MDCCXCVII.



NEW VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS.

PSALM I.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
Nor stands in sinners ways nor fits
2 But makes the perfect law of God
Devoutly reads therein by day,
3 Like some fair tree, which fed by streams
He still shall flourish, and success
4 Ungodly men and their attempts
Untimely blasted and dispers'd
5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
No formal hypocrite shall then
6 For God approves the just man's ways,
But sinners, and the paths they tread

by ill advice to walk;
where men profanely talk.
his business and delight;
and meditates by night.
with timely fruit does bend,
all his designs attend.
no lasting root shall find;
like chaff before the wind.
before their judge's face:
amongst the saints have place,
to happiness they tend;
shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II.

WITH restless and ungovern'd rage
Why in such rash attempts engage,
2 The great in counsel and in might
Against the Lord they all unite,
3 "Must we submit to their commands?"
4 No, let us break their slavish bands,
5 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
Does their conspiring strength defy,
6 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break
And thus will he in thunder speak
7 "Though madly you dispute my will,
"Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
8 Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare,
"Thou art my son, this day my heir
9 "Ask and receive thy full demands;
"The utmost limits of the lands
10 "Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake
"As massy bars of iron break
11 Learn then, ye princes, and give ear,
12 Worship the Lord with holy fear;
13 Appease the son with due respect,
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
14 If but in part his anger rise,
Then blest are they whose hope relies

why do the heathen storm?
as they can ne'er perform?
their various forces bring;
and his anointed king.
presumptuously they say:
and cast their chains away."
and sees how they combine,
and mocks their vain design.
on his rebellious foes:
to all that dare oppose.
the King that I ordain,
shall there securely reign."
God's uncontroul'd decree;
have I begotten thee.
thine shall the heathen be
shall be possess'd by thee.
and crush them every where;
the potters brittle ware."
ye judges of the earth;
rejoice with awful mirth.
your timely homage pay;
incens'd by your delay.
who can endure the flame?
on his most holy name.

PSALM III.

HOW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown,
And, as their numbers hourly rise,
2 Insulting they my soul upbraid,
The God in whom he trusts, say they,
3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
4 Since whensoever in like distress
He heard me from his holy hill,
5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
For I through him securely sleep,
6 No force nor fury of my foes
Were they as many hosts as men

the troublers of my peace?
so does their rage increase.
and him whom I adore;
shall rescue him no more.
on thee my hopes rely;
lift up my head on high.
to God I made my pray'r,
why should I now despair?
my sweet repose to take:
through him in safety wake,
my courage shall confound,
that have beset me round.

PSALM IV, V, VI.

7 Arise and save me, O my God,
And scatter'd oft these foes to me,
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His blessing he extends to all,

who oft hath own'd my cause,
and to thy righteous laws.
he only can defend;
that on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

O LORD, that art my righteous judge,
Thou still redeem'st me from distress,
2 How long will ye, O sons of men,
How long your vain designs pursue,
3 Consider, that the righteous man
And when to him I make my pray'r,
4 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Commune in private with your hearts,
5 The place of other sacrifice
And let your hope, securely fixt,
6 While worldly minds impatient grow
Still let the glories of thy face
7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,

to my complaint give ear;
have mercy, Lord, and hear.
to blot my fame devise?
and spread malicious lies?
is God's peculiar choice;
he always hears my voice.
flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
and bend them to his will.
let righteousness supply;
on God alone rely.
more prosperous times to see,
thine brightly, Lord, on me.
more lasting and more true,
successively renew.
and take my needful rest;
of thy defence possess.

PSALM V.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
3 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
4 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
4 For thou the wrongs that I sustain
Who from thy sacred dwelling-place
5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain
All such as act unrighteous things
6 The slandering tongue, O God of truth,
Who hat'st alike the man in blood
7 But when thy boundless grace shall me
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws,
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way,
9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit,
Their throat is a devouring grave,
10 By their own counsels let them fall,
For they against the righteous laws
11 But let all those, who trust in thee,
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
12 To righteous men the righteous Lord
And with his favour all his saints

accept my secret pray'r;
will I for help repair.
and with the dawning day;
to thee devoutly pray.
canst never, Lord, approve;
all evil dost remove.
unpunish'd in thy view;
thy vengeance shall pursue.
by thee shall be destroy'd,
and in deceit employ'd.
to thy lov'd courts restore,
and humbly there adore.
for watchful is my foe;
wherein I ought to go.
their heart is set on wrong;
they flatter with the r tongue.
oppress'd with loads of sin;
have harden'd rebels been.
with shouts their joy proclaim;
and all that love thy name.
his blessing will extend,
as with a shield defend.

PSALM VI.

THY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
2 Have mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
The anguish of my aching bones,
3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's sake
5 For after death no more can I
No pris'n'r of the silent grave
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,
The night, that quiets common griefs,
7 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim,
Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
8 Depart, ye wicked, in my wrongs
For God, I find, accepts my tears,
9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble pray'r;
shall blush and rage to see, that God

and spare a wretch forlorn;
too heavy to be borne,
unable to endure
which thou alone canst cure.
and fills my soul with grief;
to grant me thy relief?
and ease my troubled soul;
vouchsafe to make me whole.
thy glorious acts proclaim;
can magnify thy name.
no hope of ease I see;
is spent in tears by me.
my eyes with weakness close:
on my insulting foes.
ye shall no more rejoice;
and listens to my voice.
and they that wish my fall,
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII, VIII, IX.

PSALM VII.

O LORD, my God, since I have plac'd
From all my persecutors rage
2 To save me from my threat'ning foe,
Left, like a savage lion he
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
Nay, if I have not spar'd his life,
5 Let then to persecuting foes
Let them to earth tread down my life,
6 Arise and let thine anger, Lord,
Exalt thyself above my foes,
Awake, awake, in my behalf,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
7 So to thy throne adoring crowds
O! therefore for their sakes resume
8 Impartial judge of all the world,
According to my just deserts,
9 Let wicked arts and wicked men
But guard the just, thou God, to whom
10, 11 God me protects, not only me,
And daily lays up wrath for those,
12 If they persist, he whets his sword,
13 Ev'n now with swift destruction wing'd
14 The plots are fruitless, which my foe
15 The pit, he digg'd for me, has prov'd
16 On his own head his spite returns,
On him the violence is fall'n,
17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
I'll sing the praise of God most high,

my trust alone in thee,
do thou deliver me.
Lord, interpose thy pow'r;
my helpless soul devour.
against his peace combine;
who fought unjustly mine;
my soul become a prey;
in dust my honour lay.
in my defence engage;
and their insulting rage;
the judgment to dispense,
for injur'd innocence.
shall still for justice fly;
thy judgment seat on high.
I trust my cause to thee;
so let thy sentence be.
together be o'erthrown;
the hearts of both are known.
but all of upright heart;
who from his laws depart.
his bow stands ready bent;
his pointed shafts are sent.
unjustly did conceive:
his own untimely grave.
while I from harm am free;
which he design'd for me.
of Providence proclaim;
and celebrate his name.

PSALM VIII.

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Thro' all the world how great art thou?
In Heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
2 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thro' thee the weak confound the strong,
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
4 What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
5 Him next in pow'r thou did'st create
6 Ordain'd with dignity and state
7 They jointly own his pow'ful sway;
8 The bird that wings its airy way;
9 O thou to whom all creatures bow
Thro' all the world how great art thou?

within this earthly frame,
how glorious is thy name?
nor fully reckon'd there;
thy boundless praise declare:
and crush their haughty foes;
that thee and thine oppose.
employs my wond'ring sight;
with stars of feeble light;
to keep him in thy mind?
to him so wond'rous kind?
to thy celestial train;
o'er all thy works to reign:
the beasts that prey or graze;
the fish that cuts the seas.
within this earthly frame,
how glorious is thy name!

PSALM IX.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
To all the list'ning world thy works,
2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high,
3 Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn
Struck with thy presence down they fell,
4 Against insulting foes advanc'd
My right asserting from thy throne,
5 The insolence of heathen pride
Their wicked offspring quite destroy'd
6 Mistaking foes! your haughty threats
Our city stands, which you design'd
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
Impartial justice to dispense;
God is a constant sure defence
9 As troubles rise, his needful aides

I will my heart prepare;
thy wond'rous works, declare.
exalted pleasures bring;
triumphant praise I sing.
their backs in shameful flight;
they perish'd at thy sight.
thou didst my cause maintain;
where truth and justice reign.
thou hast reduc'd to shame;
and blotted out their name.
are to a period come;
to make our common tomb.
his righteous throne prepared,
to punish or reward.
against oppressing rage;
in our behalf engage.

PSALM X.

10 All those, who have his goodness prov'd will in his truth confide;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man, that on his help rely'd.
 11 Sing praises therefore to the Lord, from Sion his abode;
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world confess no other God.

The Second Part.

12 When he inquiry makes for blood, he'll call the poor to mind:
 The injur'd humble man's complaint relief from him shall find.
 13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord, which spiteful foes create,
 Thou, that has rescued me so oft from death's devouring gate.
 14 In Sion then I'll sing thy praise, to all that love thy name;
 And with loud shouts of grateful joy thy saving pow'r proclaim.
 15 Deep in the pit, they digg'd for me, the Heathen pride is laid;
 Their guilty feet to their own snare infensibly betray'd.
 16 Thus by the just returns he makes, the mighty Lord is known;
 While wicked men by their own plots are shamefully o'erthrown.
 17 No single sinner shall escape by privacy obscur'd;
 Nor nation from his just revenge by numbers be secur'd.
 18 His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd, he ne'er forgets to aid;
 Their expectations shall be crown'd, though for a time delay'd.
 19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy pow'r, and let not man o'ercome;
 Descend to judgment, and pronounce the guilty Heathen's doom.
 20 Strike terror thro' the nations round, till, by consenting fear,
 They, to each other, and themselves, but mortal men appear.

PSALM X.

THY presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord? why hid'st thou now thy face,
 When dismal times of deep distress call for thy wonted grace?
 2 The wicked, swell'd with lawless pride, have made the poor their prey,
 O let them fall by those designs, which they for others lay.
 3 For straight they triumph, if success their thriving crimes attend;
 And fordid wretches, whom God hates, perversely they commend.
 4 To own a pow'r above themselves, their haughty pride disdains;
 And therefore in their stubborn mind no thought of God remains.
 5 Oppressive methods they pursue, and all their foes they slight;
 Because thy judgments unobserv'd are far above their sight.
 6 They fondly think their prosperous state shall unmolested be;
 They think their vain designs shall thrive, from all misfortune free.
 7 Vain and deceitful is their speech, with curses fill'd and lies;
 By which the mischief of their heart they study to disguise.
 8 Near public roads they lie conceal'd, and all their art employ,
 The innocent and poor at once to rise and destroy.
 9 Not lions, couching in their dens, surprise their heedless prey,
 With greater cunning, or express more savage rage than they.
 10 Sometimes they act the harmless man, and modest looks they wear;
 That so deceiv'd, the poor may less their sudden onset fear.

The Second Part.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes of their unrighteous deeds;
 He never minds the suff'ring poor, nor their oppression heeds.
 12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise; stretch forth thy mighty arm;
 And, by the greatness of thy pow'r, defend the poor from harm.
 13 No longer let the wicked vaunt, and proudly boasting say,
 "Tush, God regards not what we do; he never will repay."
 14 Surely thou seest, and all their deeds impartially dost try;
 The orphan therefore and the poor on thee for aid rely.
 15 Defenceless let the wicked fall, of all their strength bereft;
 Confound, O God, their dark designs, till no remains are left.
 16 Assert thy just dominion, Lord, which shall for ever stand;
 Thou, who the Heathen didst expel, from this thy chosen land.
 17 Thou dost the humble suppliants hear, that to thy throne repair;
 Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray, and then accept'st their pray'r.
 18 Thou in thy righteous judgment weigh'st the fatherless and poor;
 That so the tyrants of the earth may persecute no more.

PSALM XI, XII, XIII, XIV.

PSALM XI.

SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
 1 Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
 2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow,
 Lurking in ambush to destroy
 3 When once the firm assurance fails
 'Tis time for innocence to fly
 4 The Lord hath both a temple here,
 Where he surveys the sons of men,
 5 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
 What must the sons of violence,
 6 Snare, fire, and brimstone, on their heads
 This dreadful mixture, his revenge,
 7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
 And to the upright man disclose

a refuge always nigh;
 to distant mountains fly?
 and ready fix their dart;
 the man of upright heart,
 which public faith imports,
 from such deceitful arts,
 and righteous throne above;
 and how their counsels move.
 for trial does correct;
 whom he abhors, expect?
 shall in one tempest, show'r;
 into their cup shall pour.
 with signal favour grace;
 the brightness of his face.

PSALM XII.

SINCE godly men decay, O Lord,
 For scarce these wretched times afford
 1 One neighbour now can scarce believe
 With flatt'ring lips they all deceive,
 2 But lips that with deceit abound
 God's righteous vengeance will confound
 3 In vain those foolish boasters say,
 "With doubtful words we'll still betray,
 4 For God, who hears the sull'ring poor,
 Will soon arise and give them rest,
 5 The word of God shall still abide,
 As is the silver, sev'n times try'd,
 6 The promise of his aiding grace
 His servants from this faithless race
 7 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
 When those, whom they despis'd and vex'd,

do thou my cause defend;
 one just and faithful friend.
 what t'other doth impart;
 and with a double heart,
 can never prosper long;
 the proud blaspheming tongue.
 "our tongues are sure our own;
 and be controul'd by none."
 and their oppression knows,
 in spite of all their foes.
 and void of falshood be;
 from drossy mixture free.
 shall reach its purpos'd end;
 he ever shall defend.
 nor know which way to fly;
 shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
 How long wilt thou withdraw from me;
 1 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
 How long my enemies insult,
 2 O hear! and to my longing eyes
 And suddenly, or I shall sleep
 3 Restore me, lest they proudly boast
 Permit not them that vex my soul
 4 Since I have always plac'd my trust
 Thy saving health will come, and then
 5 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
 Who to thy servant in distress

must I for ever mourn?
 oh! never to return?
 and grief my heart oppress;
 and I have no redress?
 restore thy wonted light;
 in everlasting night.
 'twas their own strength o'ercame;
 to triumph in my shame.
 beneath thy mercy's wing,
 my heart with joy shall spring:
 to thee my God ascend;
 such bounty didst extend.

PSALM XIV.

SURE, wicked fools must needs suppose
 Corrupt and lewd their practice grows,
 1 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high towers,
 To see if any own'd his pow'r,
 2 But all, he saw, were gone aside,
 None took religion for their guide,
 3 But can these workers of deceit
 That they, like bread, my people eat,
 4 How will they tremble then for fear,
 when his just wrath shall them o'erfate;
 For to the righteous God is near,
 5 Ill men in vain with scorn expose
 Since God a refuge is for those
 6 Would he his saving pow'r employ
 Then shouts of universal joy

that God is nothing but a name;
 no breast is warm'd with holy flame.
 towers, and all the sons of men did view
 if any truth or justice knew.
 all were degenerate grown and base;
 not one of all the sinful race.
 be all so dull and senseless grown;
 and God's Almighty pow'r disown?
 those methods, which the good pursue;
 whom his just eyes with favour view.
 to break his people's servile band
 should loudly echo thro' the land.

PSALM XV, XVI, XVII.

PSALM XV.

LORD who's the happy man that may
 Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
 2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
 Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
 3 Who never did a slander forge
 Nor hearken to a false report,
 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
 And piety; tho' cloth'd in rags,
 5 Who to his plighted vòws and trust
 And tho' he promise to his loss,
 6 Whose soul in usury disdains
 Whom no rewards can ever bribe
 7 The man, who by his steady course
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,

to thy blest courts repair?
 but to inhabit there?
 by rules of virtue moves;
 the thing his heart disproves.
 his neighbour's fame to wound;
 by malice whisper'd round.
 can treat with just neglect;
 religiously respect.
 has ever firmly stood;
 he makes his promise good.
 his treasure to employ;
 the guiltless to destroy.
 has happiness insur'd,
 by Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

PROTECT me from my cruel foes,
 Because my trust I still repose
 2 My soul all help but thine does slight,
 Yet can no deeds of mine requite
 3 But those that strictly virtuous are,
 To favour always and prefer
 4 How shall their sorrows be increas'd,
 Their bloody off'rings I detest,
 5 My lot is fall'n in that blest land,
 He fills my cup with lib'ral hand;
 6 In nature's most delightful scene
 The place of my appointed reign
 7 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
 And private counsel still afford
 8 I strive each action to approve
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 9 Therefore my heart all grief desies,
 My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
 10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
 Nor let thy holy one in death
 11 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 Where pleasures dwell without alloy,

and shield me, Lord, from harm,
 on thy almighty arm.
 all Gods but thee disown;
 the goodness thou hast shewn.
 and love the thing that's right,
 shall be my chief delight.
 who other Gods adore?
 their very names abhor.
 where God is truly known;
 'tis he supports my throne.
 my happy portion lies?
 all other lands out-vies.
 whose precepts give me light,
 in sorrow's dismal night.
 to his all-seeing eye;
 because he still is nigh.
 my glory does rejoice;
 wak'd by his pow'ful voice.
 my soul from Hell shalt free;
 the least corruption see.
 which to thy presence lead;
 and joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

TO my just plea, and sad complaint,
 And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
 2 As in thy sight I am approv'd,
 And with impartial eyes, O Lord,
 3 For thou has search'd my heart by day,
 And on the strictest trial found
 Nor shall thy justice, Lord, alone
 For I have purpos'd that my tongue
 4 I know what wicked men would do
 But me thy just and mild commands
 5 That I may still, in spite of wrongs,
 O guide me in thy righteous ways,
 6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
 O now, my God, incline thine ear
 7 The wonders of thy truth and love
 Thou, whose right hand preserves thy saints from their oppressors rage.

attend, O righteous Lord,
 a gracious ear afford.
 so let my sentence be;
 my upright dealing see.
 and visited by night;
 its secret motions right.
 my heart's designs acquit;
 shall no offence commit.
 their safety to maintain;
 from bloody paths restrain.
 my innocence secure;
 and make my footsteps sure.
 to thee my pray'r address;
 to this my just request.
 in my defence engage;

The Second Part.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'rest care;
 To guard me safe from savage foes,
 10 O'ergrown with luxury, inclos'd
 And with a proud blaspheming mouth
 11 Well may they boast, for they have now
 Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd,
 12 In posture of a lion set,
 Or a young lion, when he lurks

thy shelt'ring wings stretch out,
 that compass me about.
 in their own fat they lie;
 both God and man defy.
 my paths encompass'd round;
 and couching on the ground.
 when greedy of his prey;
 within a covert way.

P S A L M XVIII.

13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots,
From wicked men, who are thy sword,
14 From worldly men, thy sharpest scourge,
Who, fill'd with earthly stores, aspire
15 Their race is num'rous that partake
Their heirs survive, to whom they may
16 But I, in uprightness, thy face
And, waking, thall its image find

their swelling rage controul;
deliver thou my soul.
whose portion's here below;
no other bliss to know;
their substance while they live:
the vast remainder give.
shall view without controul:
reflected in my soul.

P S A L M XVIII.

NO change of times shall ever shock
For thou hast always been a rock
2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
'Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
3 To thee I'll still address my pray'r,
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
4, 5 By floods of wicked men distress'd,
With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
6 To Heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,

my firm affection, Lord, to thee;
a fortress and defence to me.
my trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
at home my safe-guard and my tow'r.
(to whom all praise we justly owe);
be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
with deadly sorrows compass'd round;
in death's unwieldy fetters bound.
to God address'd my humble moan;
and heard me from his lofty throne.

The Second Part.

7 When God arose to take my part,
From their firm posts the hills did start,
8 Thick clouds of smoke dispers'd abroad,
Devouring fire around him glow'd,
9 He left the beauteous realms of light, whilst
Beneath his feet substantial night
10 The chariot of the King of kings,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
11, 12 Black wat'ry mists and clouds conspir'd
But at his brightness soon retir'd,
13 Thro' Heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring peal,
God's angry voice did loudly roar;
While earth's sad face, with heaps of hail
14 The sharpest arrows round he threw,
Like darts his nimble light'ning flew,
15 The deep its secret stores disclos'd,
By his avenging wrath expos'd,

the conscious earth did quake for fear;
nor could his dreadful fury bear.
ensigns of wrath before him came;
that coals were kindled at its flame.
Heav'n bow'd down its awful head,
was like a sable carpet spread.
which active troops of angels drew,
with most amazing swiftness flew.
with thickest shades his face to veil;
and fell in show'rs of fire and hail.
God's angry voice did loudly roar;
and flakes of fire, was cover'd o'er.
which made his scatter'd foes retreat;
and quickly finish'd their defeat.
the world's foundations naked lay,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

The Third Part.

16 The Lord did on my side engage, from Heav'n (his throne) my cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious rage of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.
17 God his resistless pow'r employ'd
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd
18 Their subtle rage had near prevail'd,
But still, when other succours fail'd,
19 From dangers that inclos'd me round,
For some just cause his goodness found,
20 Because in me no guilt remains,
My hands are free from bloody stains
21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight,
I never did his statutes slight,
23, 24 But still my soul, sincere and pure,
His favours therefore yet endure,

my strongest foes attempts to break;
the weak defence that I could make.
when I distress'd and friendless lay;
God was my firm support and stay.
he brought me forth and set me free;
that mov'd him to delight in me.
God does his gracious help extend;
therefore the Lord is still my friend.
in his just paths I always trod;
nor loosely wander'd from my God.
did ev'n from darling sins refrain;
because my heart and hands are clean.

The Fourth Part.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways to various paths of human kind;
'They, who for mercy merit praise,
'Thou to the just shalt justice show,
Such as perversely chuse to go,
27, 28 That he the humble soul will save, and crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an instance gave,
29 On his firm succour I rely'd,
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side,
30 For God's designs shall still succeed;
He's a strong shield to all that need,
31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
Or who, except the mighty Lord,

with thee shall wond'rous mercy find.
the pure thy purity shall see;
shall meet with due returns from thee.
and crush the haughty's boasted might,
whose darkness he has turn'd to light,
and did o'er num'rous foes prevail;
the best defended walls to scale.
his word will bear the utmost test;
and on his sure protection rest.
but God, on whom my hopes depend?
can with resistless pow'r defend?

P S A L M XVIII, XIX.

The Fifth Part.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on,
Thro' him my feet can swiftly run,
34 Lessons of war from him I take,
Stong bows of steel with ease to break,
35 The buckler of his saving health
His hand sustains me still, my wealth
36 My goings he enlarged abroad,
And when in slipp'ry ways I trod,
37 Thro' him I num'rous hosts defeat,
Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,
38 Cover'd with wounds, in vain they try
Spite of their boasted strength they lie
39 God, when fresh armies take the field, recruits my strength, my courage warms;
He makes my strong opposers yield, subdu'd by my prevailling arms.
40 Through him the necks of prostrate foes my conqu'ring feet in triumph press;
Aided by him I root out those who hate and envy my success.
41 With loud complaints all friends they try'd, but none was able to defend;
At length to God for help they cry'd, but God would no assistance lend.
42 Like flying dust which winds pursue, their broken troops I scatter'd round;
'Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw, like loathsome dirt that clogs the ground.

The Sixth Part.

43 Our factious tribes, at strife till now,
The heathen to my sceptre bow,
44 Remotest realms their homage send,
Strangers for my commands attend,
45 All to my summons tamely yield,
For stronger holds they quit the field,
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
To highest Heav'n's his name be rais'd,
47 'Tis God that still supports my right,
'Tis he that, with resistless might,
48 My universal safe-guard he!
He made me great and set me free,
49 Therefore to celebrate his fame
and nations, strangers to his name,
50 "God to his King deliv'rance sends,
"His mercy ever more extends
by God's appointment me obey;
and foreign nations own my sway.
when my successful name they hear;
charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear.
or soon in battle are dismay'd;
and still in strongest holds afraid.
the rock on whose defence I rest?
who me with his salvation blest'd.
his just revenge my foes pursues;
fierce nations to my yoke subdues.
from whom my lasting honours flow;
from my remorseless bloody foe.
my grateful voice to Heav'n I'll raise;
shall thus be taught to sing his praise.
shows his anointed signal grace;
to David and his promis'd race."

P S A L M

XIX.

THE Heav'n's declare thy glory, Lord,
The firmament and stars express
2 The dawn of each returning day
From darkest night's successive rounds
3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Whose bright contents the circling sun
5 No bridegroom, for his nuptials dress,
No giant does like him rejoice
6 From east to west, from west to east,
And thro' his progress cheerful light

which that alone can fill;
their great Creator's skill;
fresh beams of knowledge brings;
divine instruction springs.
or region is confin'd;
alike by all mankind.
thro' earth's extent display;
does round the world convey.
has such a cheerful face;
to run his glorious race.
his restless course he goes;
and vital warmth bestows.

The Second Part.

7 God's perfect law converts the soul,
With sacred wisdom his sure word
8 The statutes of the Lord are just,
His pure commands in search of truth
9 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
His equal laws are in the scales
10 Of more esteem than golden mines,
More sweet than honey, or the drops
11 My trusty counsellors they are,
Divine rewards attend on those,
12 But what frail man observes, how oft
O cleanse me from my secret faults,

reclaims from false desires;
the ignorant inspires.
and bring sincere delight;
assist the feeblest fight.
on sure foundations laid;
of truth and justice weigh'd.
or gold refin'd with skill;
that from the comb distil.
and friendly warnings give;
who by thy precepts live.
he does from virtue fall?
thou God that know'st them all.

P S A L M XX, XXI, XXII.

13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
14 So shall my pray'r and praises be
And I secure on thy defence,

dominion have o'er me ;
the great transgression flee.
with thy acceptance blest ;
my strength and Saviour rest.

P S A L M XX.

THE Lord to thy request attend,
The name of Jacob's God defend,
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
3 Remember all thy off'rings there,
4 To compass thy own heart's desire
Make kindly all events conspire
5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid
With banners in thy name display'd,
6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
From Heav'n relentless aid afford,
7 Some trust in steeds for war design'd,
Against them all we'll call to mind
8 But, from their steeds and chariots thrown,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need,

and hear thee in distress :
and grant thy arms success.
and strength from Sion give ;
thy sacrifice receive.
thy counsels still direct ;
to bring them to effect.
we cheerfully repair,
" the Lord accept thy pray'r."
our sov'reign will defend ;
and to his pray'r attend.
on chariots some rely ;
the pow'r of God most high.
behold them thro' the plain,
whilst firm our troops remain.
our rightful cause to bless ;
the pray'rs that we address.

P S A L M XXI.

THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
2 For thou, whate'er his lips request,
But hast with thy acceptance blest
3 Thy goodness and thy tender care
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear,
4 He pray'd for life, and thou, O Lord,
And graciously to him afford
5 Thy sure defence thro' nations round
And his successful actions crown'd
6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st
Whilst thou to him unclouded show'st

shall in thy strength rejoice ;
to Heav'n his cheerful voice.
not only didst impart ;
the wishes of his heart.
have all his hopes out-gone :
and set't it firmly on.
didst his short spar extend ;
a life, that ne'er shall end.
has spread his glorious name ;
with majesty and fame.
and mak'st his joys increase ;
the brightness of thy face.

The Second Part.

7 Because the king on God alone
His mercy still supports his throne,
8 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those,
9 When thou against them dost engage,
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage,
10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease,
But root out all their guilty race ;
11 For all their thoughts were set on ill,
(But thou with watchful care didst still
12 In vain by shameful flight they'll try
While thy swift darts shall faster fly,
13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous strength disclose,
Whilst we glad songs of praise compose

for timely aid relieves ;
and all his wants supplies.
shall feel thy heavy hand ;
that hate thy mild command.
thy just and dreadful doom,
their hopes and them consume.
or with their ruin end ;
and to their seed extend.
their hearts on malice bent ;
the ill effects prevent.)
to 'scape thy dreadful might ;
and gall them in their flight.
and thus exalt thy fame ;
to thy almighty name.

P S A L M XXII.

MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me
O why so far from me remov'd,
2 All day, but all the day unheard,
With cries implore relief all night,
3 Yet thou art still the righteous judge
And therefore Israel's praises are
4, 5 On thee our ancestors rely'd,
With pious confidence they pray'd
6 But I am treated like a worm,
Not only by the great revil'd,
7 With laughter all the gazing crowd
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,

when I with anguish faint ?
and from my loud complaint ?
to thee I do complain :
but cry all night in vain.
of innocence oppress'd ;
of right to thee address'd.
and thy deliverance found ;
and with success were crown'd.
like none of human birth ;
but made the rabble's mirth.
my agonies survey ;
and thus deriding say :

PSALM XXIII.

8 "In God he trusted, boasting oft that he was Heav'n's delight;
 "Let God come down to save him now, and own his favourite."

The Second Part.

9 Thou mad'st my teeming mother's womb	a living offspring bear;
When but a suckling at the breast,	I was thy early care.
10 Thou, guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs	my helpless infant days;
And since has been my God and guide,	through life's bewilder'd ways.
11 Withdraw not then so far from me,	when trouble is so nigh;
O send me help! thy help on which	I only can rely.
12 High pamp'ring'd bulls, a frowning herd,	from Balaam's forest met:
With strength proportioned to their rage,	have me around beset.
13 They gape on me, and every mouth	a yawning grave appears;
The desert lion's savage roar	less dreadful is than theirs.

The Third Part.

14 My blood like water spill'd, my joints	are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast,	like wax before the flame;
15 My strength like potter's earth is parch'd,	my tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the silent shades of death	my fainting soul withdraws.
16 Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they	in pack'd assemblies meet;
They pierce my inoffensive hands,	they pierc'd my harmless feet.
17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones	distinctly may be told;
Yet such a spectacle of woe	as pastime they behold.
18 As spoil my garments they divide,	lots for my vesture cast;
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength,	and to my succour haste.
20 From their sharp swords protect thou me	(of all but life bereft!)
Nor let thy darling in the pow'r	of cruel dogs be left.
21 To save me from the lion's jaws	thy present succour send;
As once from goring unicorns,	thou didst my life defend.
22 Then to my brethren I'll declare	the triumphs of thy name,
In presence of assembled saints	thy glory thus proclaim.
23 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,	all you of Israhel's line,
"O praise the Lord, and to your praise	sincere obedience join.
24 "He ne'er disdain'd on low distress	to cast a gracious eye;
"Nor turn'd from Poverty his face,	but hears it's humble cry."

The Fourth Part

25 Thus in thy sacred courts will I	my cheerful thanks express,
In presence of thy saints perform	the vows of my distress.
26 The meek companions of my grief	shall find my table spread,
And all that seek the Lord shall be	with joys immortal fed.
27 Then shall the glad converted world	to God their homage pay;
And scatter'd nations of the earth	one sov'reign Lord obey.
28 'Tis his supreme prerogative	o'er subject kings to reign;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,	who does the world sustain.
29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,	his bounty must confess;
The sons of want, by him reliev'd,	their gen'rous patron bless.
With humble worship to his throne	they all for aid resort;
That pow'r, which first their beings gave,	can only them support.
30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless race,	devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth	and glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 The shepherd, by whose constant care
 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk
 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death
 For there his aiding rod and staff
 5 In presence of my spiteful foes
 He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
 6 Since God does thus his wond'rous love
 That life to him I will devote,

vouchsafes to be my guide;
 my wants are all supply'd.
 and gently there repose;
 refreshing water flows.
 and, to his endless praise,
 in his most righteous ways.
 from fear and danger free;
 defend and comfort me,
 he does my table spread,
 with oil anoints my head.
 through all my life extend,
 and in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIV, XXV.

PSALM XXIV.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 The world, and they that dwell therein,
 2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas,
 Upon inconstant floods has made
 3 But for himself this Lord of all
 O! who shall to that sacred hill
 4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
 Who honest poverty prefers
 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
 Whom God his saviour shall vouchsafe
 6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
 And such the profelytes that seek
 7 Erect your heads, eternal gates,
 The King of glory; see, he comes
 8 Who is the King of glory? who?
 In battle mighty, o'er his foes
 9 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
 The King of glory; see, he comes
 10 Who is the King of glory? who?
 Of glory he alone is king,

the Lord's her fulness is;
 by sov'reign right are his.
 and his almighty hand
 the stable fabrick stand.
 one chosen seat design'd;
 deserv'd admittance find?
 whose thoughts from pride are free;
 to gainful perjury.
 shall show'r his blessings down,
 with righteousness to crown.
 the sacred courts are trod;
 the face of Jacob's God.
 unfold, to entertain
 with his celestial train.
 the Lord for strength renown'd,
 eternal victor crown'd.
 in state to entertain
 with all his shining train.
 the Lord of hosts renown'd:
 who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

TO God, in whom I trust,
 2 O let me not be put to shame,
 3 Those, who on thee rely,
 Be that the shameful lot of such
 4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
 For thou art he that brings me help,
 6 Thy mercies and thy love,
 And graciously continue still,
 7 Let all my youthful crimes
 And, for thy wondrous goodness sake,
 8 His mercy and his truth
 In bringing wand'ring sinners home
 9 He those in justice guides,
 And in his sacred paths shall lead
 10 Thro' all the ways of God
 To such as with religious hearts

I lift my heart and voice;
 nor let my foes rejoice.
 let no disgrace attend;
 as wilfully offend.
 and lead me in thy way;
 on thee I wait all day.
 O Lord, recall to mind;
 as thou wert ever kind.
 be blotted out by thee;
 in mercy think on me.
 the righteous Lord displays,
 and teaching them his ways.
 who his direction seek;
 the humble and the meek.
 both truth and mercy shine,
 to his blest will incline.

The Second Part.

11 Since mercy is the grace
 Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
 12 Whoe'er with humble fear
 Shall find the Lord a faithful guide
 13 His quiet soul with peace
 And by his num'rous race the land
 14 For God to all his saints
 And does his gracious cov'nant write
 15 To him I lift my eyes,
 Who breaks the strong and treach'rous snare,
 16 O turn, and all my griefs,
 For I am compass'd round with woes,
 17 The sorrows of my heart
 O from this dark and dismal state
 18 Do thou with tender eyes
 Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
 19 Consider, Lord, my foes,
 What lawless force and rage they use,
 20 Protect and set my soul
 Nor let me be ashamed, who place
 21 Let all my righteous acts
 Because my firm and constant hope
 22 To Isrl's chosen race
 And in the midst of all their wants

that most exalts thy fame,
 and so advance thy name.
 to God his duty pays,
 in all his righteous ways.
 shall be for ever blest,
 successively possess.
 his sacred will imparts,
 in their obedient hearts.
 and wait his timely aid,
 which for my feet was laid.
 in mercy, Lord, redress;
 and plung'd in deep distress.
 to mighty fums increase:
 my troubled soul release.
 my sad afflictions see;
 intirely set me free.
 how vast their numbers grow?
 what boundless hate they show?
 from their fierce malice free;
 my headfast trust in thee.
 to full perfection rise,
 on thee alone relies.
 continue ever kind;
 let them thy succour find.

P S A L M XXVI, XXVII, XXVIII.

P S A L M XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
I cannot fail, who all my trust
2, 3 Search, prove my heart, whose innocence will shine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
4 I never for companions took
No hypocrite, with all his arts,
5 I hate the busy plotting crew,
And shun their wicked company,
6 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
That when thy altar I approach,
7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
That seat affords me much delight,
9 Pass not on me the sinners doom,
10 Who others rights by secret bribes,
11 But I will walk in paths of truth,
Protect, me therefore, and to me
12 In spite of all assaulting foes
And shall survive amongst thy saints,

of righteousness have trod;
repose on thee, my God.
and made thy truth my guide.
the idle or prophane;
could e'er my friendship gain.
who make distracted times;
as I avoid their crimes.
and bring a heart so pure;
my welcome shall secure.
how thy renown excels;
in which thy honour dwells.
who murder make their trade;
or open force invade.
and innocence pursue;
thy mercies, Lord, renew,
I still maintain my ground;
thy praises to resound.

P S A L M XXVII.

WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Since strongly he my life supports,
2 With fierce intent my flesh to tear,
They stumbled and their lofty crests
3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares
Through him in double straits of war,
4 Henceforth within his house to dwell
His wond'rous beauty there to view,
5 For there may I with comfort rest,
And safe as on a rock abide,
6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes
And I my joyful off'ring bring,

is saving health and light?
what can my soul affright?
when foes beset me round,
were made to strike the ground.
with num'rous hosts to cope;
for good success I hope.
I earnestly desire,
and his blest will enquire.
in times of deep distress;
in that secure recess;
my lofty head shall raise,
and sing glad songs of praise.

The Second Part.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
In mercy all my pray'rs receive,
8 When us to seek thy glorious face
'Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
My God and Saviour, leave not him
10 Tho' all my friends and nearest kin
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
11 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
Left envious men, who watch my steps,
12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes,
Whose lying lips and bloody hands
13 I trusted, that my future life
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
14 God's time with patient faith expect,
With inward strength; do thou thy part,

whene'er to thee I cry:
nor my request deny.
thou kindly dost advise;
my grateful heart replies.
nor me in wrath reject;
thou didst so oft protect.
their helpless charge forsake,
wilt care and pity take.
my ways directly guide;
should see me tread aside.
defeat their ill desire,
against my peace conspire.
should with thy love be crown'd,
with sorrow compass'd round.
and he'll inspire thy breast
and leave to him the rest.

P S A L M XXVIII.

O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry,
O answer, or I shall become
2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands
3 Let me escape the sinners doom,
And ever speak the person fair,
4 According to their crimes extent,
Relentless be to them, as they
5 Since they the works of God despise,
His wrath shall utterly destroy,
6 But I, with due acknowledgement,
From whom the cries of my distress

in sighs consume my breath;
like those that sleep in death.
the cries that I repeat,
before thy mercy seat.
who make a trade of ill,
whose blood they mean to spill.
let justice have its course;
have sinn'd without remorse.
nor will his grace adore,
and build them up no more.
his praises will resound,
a gracious answer found.

PSALM XXIX, XXX, XXXI.

7 My heart its confidence repos'd
In him I trusted, and return'd
As he has made my joys complete,
The cheerful tribute of my thanks
8 "His aiding pow'r supports the troops
"Twas he advanc'd me to the throne,
9 Preserve thy chosen and proceed
With plenty prosper them in peace;

PSALM

YE princes that in might excel,
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
2 To his great name fresh altars raise,
Him in his holy temple praise,
3 'Tis he, that with amazing noise
The ocean trembles at his voice,
4, 5 How full of pow'r his voice appears!
Which from the roots tall cedars tears, and
6 They, and the hills on which they grow,
And leap, like hinds that bounding go,
7, 8 When God in thunder loudly speaks,
The forest nods, the desert quakes,
9 He makes the hinds to cast their young,
While those that to his courts belong
10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high;
His people he'll with strength supply,

PSALM

I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
To raise my drooping head, and check
2, 3 In my distress I cry'd to thee,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
4 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With me commemorate his truth,
5 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
Your night of grief is recompens'd
6 But I in prosp'rous days presum'd;
Whilst in my sun-shine of success
7 But soon I found thy favour, Lord,
For, when thou hid'st thy face, I saw
8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
And thus, with supplicating voice,
9 "What profit is there in my blood,
"Can silent ashes speak thy praise,
10 "Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear,
"Do thou send help, on which alone
11 'Tis done! thou hast my mournful scene
Invested me with robes of state,
12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
And as thy favours endless are,

PSALM

DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
As just and righteous is thy name,
2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
3 Since thou, when foes oppress,
To guide me forth from this distress
4 Release me from the snare,
Since I, O God, my strength, repair
5 To thee, the God of truth,
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth)
6 All vain designs I hate,
And still my soul in ev'ry state

The Second Part.

7 Those mercies thou hast shown
For thou hast seen my straits, and known

in God, my strength and shield;
triumphant from the field.
'tis just that I should raise
and thus resound his praise.
that my just cause maintain:
'tis he secures my reign."
thine heritage to bleis;
In battle with success.

XXIX.

your grateful sacrifice prepare;
his wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
devoutly due respect afford;
where he's with solemn state ador'd,
the watry clouds in sunder breaks;
when he from Heav'n in thunder speaks.
with what majestic terror crown'd!
strews their scatter'd branches round.
are sometimes hurried far away;
or unicorns in youthful play.
and scatter'd flames of light'ning sends,
and stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.
and lays the beasts dark coverts bare;
securely sing his praises there.
his boundless sway shall never cease:
and bleis his own with constant peace.

XXX.

who didst thy pow'r employ
my foes insulting joy.
who kindly didst relieve,
my hopeless life retrieve.
with songs of praise repair;
and providential care.
his favour no decay;
with joy's returning day.
no sudden change I fear'd,
no low'ring cloud appear'd.
my empire's only trust;
my honour laid in dust.
my error I confess'd,
thy mercy's throne address'd.
congeal'd by death's cold night;
thy wond'rous truth recite!
thy wonted aid extend;
I can for help depend."
to songs and dances turn'd;
who late in sackcloth mourn'd.
thy praise in grateful verse;
thy endless praise rehearse.

XXXI.

for still I trust in thee;
from danger set me free.
and speedy succour send;
to shelter and defend.
my rock and fortress art,
thy wonted help impart.
which they have closely laid,
to thee alone for aid.
my life, and all that's mine,
I willingly resign.
of those that trust in lies;
to God for succour flies.

I'll cheerfully express;
my soul in deep distress.

8 When

P S A L M XXXII, XXXIII.

8 When Keilah's treach'rous race
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space
9 Thy mercy, Lord, display,
For both my soul and flesh decay,
10 Sad thoughts my life oppress,
My sins have made my strength decrease,
11 My foes my sull'rings mock'd,
My friends at sight of me were shock'd,
12 Forsook by all am I,
And like a shatter'd vessel lie,
13 Yet stand'rous words they speak,
Whilst they together counsel take,
14 But still my steadfast trust
That thou, my God, art good and just,

did all my strength inclose,
to shun my watchful foes.
and hear my just complaint;
with grief and hunger faint;
my years are spent in groans;
and ev'n consum'd my bones.
my neighbours did upbraid;
and fled as men dismay'd,
as dead, and out of mind;
whose parts can ne'er be join'd.
and seem my pow'r to dread,
my guiltless blood to shed.
I on thy help repose;
my soul with comfort knows.

The Third Part.

15 Whate'er events betide,
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide,
16 The brightness of thy face
And, as thy mercies still increase,
17 Me from dishonour save,
Let that, and silence in the grave,
18 Do thou their tongues restrain,
Who false reports, with proud disdain,
19 How great thy mercies are
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight,
From tongues that do in strife delight,
21 With glory and renown
Whose love in Keilah's well-fenced town
22 I said in hasty flight,
Yet still thou keep'st me in thy sight,
23 O all ye saints, the Lord
Who to the just will help afford,
24 Ye that on God rely,
For he will still your hearts supply

thy wisdom times them all,
from those that seek his fall.
to me, O Lord, disclose;
preserve me from my foes.
who still have call'd on thee:
the sinner's portion be.
whose breath in lies is spent;
against the righteous vent.
to such as fear thy name;
doth to the world proclaim.
from proud oppressors free:
they are preserv'd by thee.
God's name be ever bless'd;
was wond'rously express'd!
"I'm banish from thine eyes,"
and heard'st my earnest cries.
with eager love pursue,
and give the proud their due.
courageously proceed:
with strength in time of need.

P S A L M XXXII.

HE's blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd
2 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
3 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
All day did I with anguish roar,
4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd
5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
6 True Penitents shall thus succeed,
And, from the common deluge freed,
7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
8 In my instruction then confide,
Your progress P'll securely guide,
9 Submit yourself to wisdom's rules,
Not like the ungovern'd horse and mule,
10 Sorrows on sorrows multiply'd
But them, who in his truth confide,
11 His saints that have perform'd his laws,
Let them (as they alone have cause)

no more in judgment to appear;
and whose repentance is sincere.
my bones consum'd without relief:
but no complaint asswag'd my grief.
by day and night alike distress'd:
like land with Summer's drought oppress'd.
the guilt that tortur'd me within,
and mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
my tow'r of refuge I must own;
and me with songs of triumph crown.
you that wou'd truth's safe paths descry;
and keep you in my watchful eye.
like men that reason have attain'd;
whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.
the harden'd sinners shall confound,
blessings of mercy shall surround.
their life in triumphs shall employ;
in grateful raptures shout for joy.

P S A L M XXXIII.

LET all the just to God with joy
For well the righteous it becomes
2, 3 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes
And new made songs of loud applause
4, 5 For faithful is the word of God,
He justice loves, and all the earth

their cheerful voices raise,
to sing glad songs of praise.
in joyful consort meet,
the harmony complete.
his works with truth abound;
is with his goodness crown'd.

P S A L M XXXIV.

<p>6 By his almighty word at first And all the beauteous hofts of light 7 The swelling floods, together roll'd; And lays, as in a storehouse safe, 8, 9 Let earth and all that dwell therein For when he spake the word, 'twas made, 10 He, when the Heathens closely plot, His wisdom ineffectual makes 11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees 'The settled purpose of his heart</p>	<p>Heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd, at his command appear'd. he makes in heaps to lie; the wat'ry treasures by before him trembling stand; 'twas fix'd at his command. their counsels undermines; the people's rash designs. shall stand for ever sure; to ages shall endure.</p>
--	---

The Second Part.

<p>12 How happy then are they to whom Whom he from all the world besides 13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth He saw their works, and view'd their thoughts, 16, 17 No king is safe by num'rous hofts, No manag'd horse, by force or speed, 18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him He frees their soul from death, their want 20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits, 'Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice, 22 'The riches of thy mercy, Lord, Since we for all we want or wish</p>	<p>the Lord for God is known! has chosen for his own! from Heav'n his throne survey'd; by him their hearts were made. their strength the strong deceives; his warlike rider saves. beholds with gracious eyes; in time of dearth supplies. our help and shield is he; because we trust in thee. do thou to us extend; on thee alone depend.</p>
--	---

P S A L M XXXIV.

<p>THRO' all the changing scenes of life, The praises of my God shall still 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast, From my example comfort take, 3 O magnify the Lord with me, 4 When in distress to him I call'd, 5 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd, Desir'd success in ev'ry face 6 "Behold (they say) behold the man " So dangerously with woes beset, 7 The hofts of God encamp around Deliv'rance he affords to all, 8 O make but trial of his love, How blest'd they are, and only they, 9 Fear him, ye faints, and you will then Make you his service your delight, 10 While hungry lions lack their prey, For such, as put their trust in him,</p>	<p>in trouble and in joy, my heart and tongue employ. till all, that are distress'd, and charm their griefs to rest. with me exalt his name; he to my rescue came. who look'd to him for aid; a cheerful air display'd. whom Providence reliev'd; so wond'rously retriev'd." the dwellings of the just; who on his succour trust. experience will decide, who in his truth confide. have nothing else to fear; he'll make your wants his care. the Lord will food provide and see their wants supply'd.</p>
---	---

The Second Part.

<p>11 Approach, ye piously dispos'd, I'll teach you the true discipline 12 Let him, whose length of life desires, 13 From stand'ring language keep his tongue, 14 The crooked paths of Vice decline, Etablish peace where 'tis begun, 15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the just And, when distress'd, his gracious ear 16 But turns his wrathful look on those, 'To cut them off, and from the earth 17 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives, 18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart, 19 The wicked oft, but still in vain, 20 For under their affliction's weight 21 The wicked from their wicked arts, Whilst righteous men, whom they detest, 22 For God preserves the souls of those, To them and their posterity</p>	<p>and my instruction hear, of his religious fear. and prosp'rous days would see, his lips from falshood free. and Virtue's ways pursue; and where 'tis lost renew. with favourable eyes; is open to their cries. whom mercy can't reclaim, blot out their hated name. when his relief they crave; and contrite spirit save, against the just conspire; he keeps their bones entire. their ruin shall derive, shall them and theirs survive. who on his truth depend, his blessings shall descend.</p>
---	--

PSALM XXXV.

PSALM XXXV.

<p>A GAINST all those that strive with me, With such as war unjustly wage 2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield Stand up, my God, in my defence, 3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course, Say to my soul, "I am thy health, 4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er, And such, as did my harm devise, 5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like chaff God's vengeful minister of wrath 6 And when through dark and slipp'ry ways His vengeful ministers of wrath 7 Since, unprovok'd by any wrong, And for my harmless soul a pit 8 Surpris'd by mischiefs unforeseen, Their feet shall fall into the net, 9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great name And, by his saving health secur'd, 10 My very bones shall say, O Lord, Who sett'st the poor and helpless man:</p>	<p>O Lord, assert my right; do thou my battles fight. upon thy warlike arm; and keep me safe from harm. that haste my blood to spill; and will preserve thee still." who my destruction sought; be to confusion brought. before the driving wind; shall follow close behind. they strive his rage to shun, shall goad them as they run. they hid their treach'rous snare; did without cause prepare. by their own arts betray'd; which they for me had laid. for this deliverance blest; its grateful joy express. who can compare with thee, from strong oppressors free?</p>
--	---

The Second Part.

<p>11 False witnesses with forg'd complaints And to my charge such things they laid, 12 The good which I to them had done, And did, by malice undeserv'd, 13 But as for me when they were sick, I pray'd and fasted, and my pray'r 14 Had they my friends or brethren been, Nor with more decent signs of grief 15 How different did their carriage prove, When they in crowds together met, The rabble too in num'rous throngs, And ceas'd not, with reviling words, 16 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt, Did gnash their teeth, and stand'rous jests 17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on? And save my guiltless soul, which they,</p>	<p>against my truth combin'd; as I had ne'er design'd. with evil they repaid; my harmless life invade. I still in sackcloth mourn'd: to my own breast return'd. I could have done no more; a mother's loss deplore. in times of my distress? did savage joy express. by their example came; to wound my spotless fame. and earn their bread with lies, maliciously devise. on my behalf appear; like rav'ning beasts, would tear.</p>
--	--

The Third Part.

<p>18 So I, before the list'ning world, And, where the great assembly meets, 19 Lord, suffer not my causeless foes, With open joy, and secret signs, 20 For they, with hearts averse from peace, Against the men of quiet minds 21 Nor with these private arts content, And say, "At last we found him out, 22 But thou, who dost both them and me, Assert my innocence, O Lord, 23 Stir up thyself in my behalf, Thy righteous servant's cause, O God, 24 Lord, as my heart has upright been, Nor let my cruel foes obtain 25 O let them not amongst themselves "At length our wishes are complete, 26 Let such, as in my harm rejoic'd, And foul dishonour wait on those, 27 Whilst they with cheerful voices shout, And bless the Lord, who loves to make 28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing, And cheerful hymns in praise of thee</p>	<p>shall grateful thanks express, thy name with praises blest. who me unjustly hate, to mock my sad estate. industriously devise, to forge malicious lies. aloud they vent their spite; he did it in our sight." with righteous eyes survey, and keep not far away. to judgment, Lord, awake; to thy decision take. let me thy justice find; the triumph they design'd. in boasting language say, at last he's made our prey." for shame their faces hide; that proudly me defy'd; who my just cause befriend; success his saints attend. inspir'd with grateful joy; shall all my days employ.</p>
--	--

P S A L M XXXVI, XXXVII.

P S A L M XXXVI.

MY crafty foe, with flatt'ring art,
 But reason whispers to my heart,
 2 He soothes himself, retir'd from sight, secure he thinks his treach'rous game;
 Till his dark plots, expos'd to light, their false contriver brand with shame.
 3 In deeds he is my foe confess'd, whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair;
 True wisdom's banish'd from his breast, and vice has sole dominion there.
 4 His wakeful malice spends the night in forging his accurs'd designs;
 His obstinate ungen'rous spite no execrable means declines.
 5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope, the highest orb of Heav'n transcends,
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope beyond the spreading skies extends.
 6 Thy justice, like the hills, remains, unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
 Thy providence the world sustains, the whole creation is thy care.
 7 Since of thy goodness all partake, with what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make, and saints to thy protection trust?
 8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led, to banquet on thy love's repast,
 And drink, as from a fountain's head, of joys that shall for ever last.
 9 With thee the springs of life remain, thy presence is eternal day;
 10 O let thy saints thy favour gain; to upright hearts thy truth display.
 11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn, and wicked hands my life surprise;
 12 Their mischiefs on themselves return; down, down they're fall'n no more to rise.

P S A L M XXXVII.

THO' wicked men grow rich or great, yet let not their successful state
 Thy anger or thy envy raise:
 2 For they, cut down like tender grass, or like young flow'rs away shall pass,
 Whose blooming beauty soon decays.
 3 Depend on God, and him obey, so thou within the land shalt stay,
 Secure from danger and from want:
 4 Make his commands thy chief delight, and he thy duty to requite,
 Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
 5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord, and he will needful help afford,
 To perfect ev'ry just design;
 6 He'll make, like light serene and clear, thy cloudy innocence appear,
 And as a mid-day sun to shine.
 7 With quiet mind on God depend, and patiently for him attend;
 Nor let thy anger fondly rise.
 Tho' wicked men with wealth abound, and with success their plots are crown'd,
 Which they maliciously devise.
 8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake, let no ungovern'd passion make
 Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime;
 9 For God shall sinful men destroy, whilst only they the land enjoy,
 Who trust on him and wait his time.
 10 How soon shall wicked men decay! their place shall vanish quite away,
 Nor by the strictest search be found:
 11 Whilst humble souls possess the earth, rejoicing still with godly mirth,
 With peace and plenty always crown'd.

The Second Part.

12 While sinful crowds, with false design, against the righteous few combine,
 And gnash their teeth, and threat'ning stand;
 13 God shall their empty plots deride, and laugh at their defeated pride;
 He sees their ruin near at hand.
 14 They draw the sword, and bend the bow, the poor and needy to o'erthrow,
 And men of upright lives to slay; [stroke,
 15 But their strong bows shall soon be broke, their sharpen'd weapons mortal
 Thro' their own hearts shall force its way.
 16 A little with God's favour blest, that's by one righteous man possess'd,
 The wealth of many bad excels:
 17 For God supports the just man's cause, but as for those that break his laws,
 Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.
 18 His constant care the upright guides, and over all their life presides;
 Their portion shall for ever last; [dearth
 19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth, shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in
 The happy fruits of plenty taste.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

20 Not so the wicked man, and those who proudly dare God's will oppose;
 Destruction is their hapless share:
 Like fat of lambs, their hopes and they shall in an instant melt away,
 And vanish into smoke and air.

The Third Part.

21 While sinners brought to sad decay, still borrow on, and never pay,
 The just have will and pow'r to give;
 22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless, shall peaceably the earth possess,
 And those he curses shall not live.
 23 The good man's way is God's delight, he orders all the steps aright
 Of him that moves by his command;
 24 Tho' he sometimes may be distress'd, yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
 For God upholds him with his hand.
 25 From my first youth, till age prevail'd, I never saw the righteous fail'd,
 Or want o'ertake his num'rous race;
 26 Because compassion fill'd his heart, and he did cheerfully impart,
 God made his offspring's wealth increase.
 27 With caution shun each wicked deed, in Virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
 And so prolong your happy days:
 28 For God, who judgment loves, does still preserve his saints secure from ill,
 While soon the wicked race decays.
 29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land, his portion shall for ages stand;
 His mouth with wisdom is supply'd,
 His tongue by rules of judgment moves, his heart the law of God approves,
 Therefore his footsteps never slide.

The Fourth Part.

32 In wait the watchful sinner lies, in vain the righteous to surprise;
 In vain his ruin doth decree:
 33 God will not him defenceless leave, to his revenge expos'd, but save;
 And, when he's sentenc'd, let him free.
 34 Wait still on God, keep his command, and thou, exalted, in the land,
 Thy bless'd possessions ne'er shall quit.
 The wicked soon destroyed shall be, and, at his dismal tragedy,
 Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.
 35 The wicked I in pow'r have seen, and like a bay tree fresh and green,
 That spreads its pleasant branches round:
 36 But he was gone as quick as thought, and, though in ev'ry place I sought,
 No sign or track of him I found.
 37 Observe the perfect man with care, and mark all such as upright are:
 Their roughest days in peace shall end.
 38 While on the latter end of those, who dare God's sacred will oppose,
 A common ruin shall attend.
 39 God to the just will aid afford, their only safe-guard is the Lord;
 Their strength in time of need is he:
 40 Because on him they still depend, the Lord will timely succour send,
 And from the wicked let them free.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

THY chaf'ning wrath, O Lord, refrain, tho' I deserve it all;
 Nor let at once on me the storm of thy displeasure fall.
 2 In ev'ry wretched part of me thy arrows deep remain;
 Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight I can no more sustain.
 3 My flesh is one continued wound, thy wrath so fiercely glows;
 Betwixt my punishment and guilt, my bones have no repose.
 4 My sins which to a deluge swell, my sinking head o'erflow,
 And for my feeble strength to bear too vast a burden grow.
 5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds, my folly's just return;
 6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd, and all day long I mourn.
 7 A loath'd disease afflicts my loins, infecting ev'ry part:
 8 With sickness worn I groan and roar, thro' anguish of my heart.

The Second Part.

9 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes all my desires appear;
 And sure my groans have been too loud, not to have reach'd thine ear.
 10 My heart's oppress'd, my strength decay'd, my eyes depriv'd of light:
 11 Friends, lovers, kindlins, gaze aloof on such a dismal sight.

12 Meanwhile

P S A L M XXXIX, XL.

12 Meanwhile the foes, that seek my life,
Vent flanders, and contrive all day
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose tongue with conscious guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God,
16 "Hear me, said I, lest my proud foes
"Insulting if they see my foot
17 And, with continual grief oppress'd,
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
19 But whilst I languish, my proud foes
And they who hate me without cause
20 Ev'n they, whom I obliged, return
And are my enemies, because
21 Forake me not, O Lord, my God,
22 Make haste to my relief, O thou,

their snares to take me set:
to forge some new deceit.
nor heard, nor once reply'd:
with conscious guilt is ty'd.
my innocence to clear;
my injur'd cause wilt hear.
a spiteful joy display,
but once to go altray."
to sink I now begin:
to thee bewail my sin.
their strength and vigour boast;
are grown a dreadful host.
my kindness with despite;
I chuse the path that's right.
nor far from me depart;
who my salvation art.

P S A L M XXXIX.

RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways,
I curb'd my hasty words when I
2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,
From good discourse; but that restraint
3 My heart did glow, which working thoughts,
And warm reflections fann'd the fire,
4 Lord, let me know my term of days,
The num'rous train of illis disclose,
5 My life, thou know'it, is but a span,
And ev'ry man in best estate,
6 Man like a shadow vainly walks,
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
7 Why then should I on worthless toys
On thee alone my stedfast hope
8, 9 Forgive my sins, nor let me scorn'd
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not
10 The dreadful burthen of thy wrath
Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear
11 For when thou chast'nest man for sin,
(So vain a thing is he) like cloth
12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
13 O spare me yet a little time,
Before I vanish quite from hence,

I kept my tongue in awe;
the prosp'rous wicked saw.
and did my tongue refrain
increas'd my inward pain.
thoughts, did hot and restless make;
till thus, at length, I spake:
how soon my life will end;
which this frail state attend.
a cypher sums my years;
but vanity appears.
with fruitless cares oppress'd;
by whom 'twill be possess'd;
with anxious care attend?
shall ever, Lord, depend.
by foolish sinners be;
because 'twas done by thee.
in mercy soon remove;
the heavy load should prove.
thou mak'it his beauty fade,
by fretting moths decay'd.
and listen to my pray'r;
as all my fathers were.
my wasted strength restore;
and shall be seen no more.

P S A L M XL.

I Waited meekly for the Lord,
Who did his gracious ear afford,
2 He took me from the dismal pit,
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
3 The wonders he for me has wrought
And others, to his worship brought,
4 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who treats the proud with disregard,
5 Who can the wond'rous works recount, which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount the pow'r of numbers, speech and thought.
6 I've learnt, that thou hast not desir'd
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
7 I therefore come—come to fulfil
8 "Thy my delight to do thy will;
'till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
and heard from Heav'n my humble cry.
when foundered deep in miry clay;
and suffered not my steps to stray.
shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
to hopes of like deliverance raise.
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
and hates the hypocrite's disguise.
offerings and sacrifice alone;
for man's transgression to atone.
the oracles thy books impart:
thy law is written in my heart.

The Second Part.

9 In full assemblies I have told thy truth
Nor did, thou know'it, my lips with-hold
10 Nor kept, within my breast confin'd,
But preach'd thy love for all design'd,
11 Then let those mercies I declar'd
Thy loving kindness my reward,
and righteousness at large: [charge
from uttering what thou gav'it in
thy faithfulness and saving grace;
that all might that and truth embrace.
to others, Lord, extend to me;
thy truth my safe protection be.

PSALM XLI, XLII.

12 For I with troubles am distress'd,
Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd,
13 As soon, alas! may I recount
My vanquish'd courage they surmount,

too vast and numberless to bear;
that plunge and sink me to despair,
the hairs on this afflicted head:
and fill my drooping soul with dread.

The Third Part.

14 But, Lord, to my relief draw near,
In my deliverance, Lord, appear,
15 Confusion on their heads return,
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
16 Their doom let desolation be,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee.
17 While those, who humbly seek thy face
And all who priz'd thy saving grace,
18 Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor,
Thou, God, who only canst restore,

for never was more pressing need!
and add to that deliverance speed.
who to destroy my soul combine:
ensnar'd in their own vile design.
with shame their malice be repaid.
and sport of my affliction made.
to joyful triumph shall be rais'd;
with me resound, The Lord be prais'd.
of me th' Almighty Lord takes care,
to my relief with speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

HAPPY the man, whose tender care
When he's by trouble compass'd round
2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd
And disappoint the will of those,
3 If he in languishing estate
The Lord will easy make his bed,
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
"Lord, for thy mercy heal my soul,
5 My cruel foes, with slanderous words,
"When shall he die (say they) and men
6 Suppose they formal visits make,
They gather mischief in their hearts,
7, 8 With private whispers such as these,
"A sore disease afflicts him now,
9 My own familiar bosom friend,
Has me, whose daily guest he was,
10 But thou my sad and wretched state,
And raise me up, that all their crimes
11 By this I know thy gracious ear
Because thou suffer'st not my foes
12 Thy tender care secures my life
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
And all the people's glad applause

relieves the poor distress'd:
the Lord shall give him rest.
in safety shall prolong;
that seek to do him wrong.
oppress with sickness lie;
and inward strength supply.
I thus my pray'r address'd;
tho' I have much transgress'd."
attempt to wound my fame;
forget his very name?"
it's all but empty show;
and vent it where they go.
to hurt me they devise;
he's fall'n no more to rise."
on whom I most rely'd,
with open scorn defy'd.
in mercy, Lord, regard;
may meet their just reward.
is open when I call;
to triumph in my fall.
from danger and disgrace;
before thy glorious face.
from age to age be bless'd;
with loud Amens express'd.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
2 For thee, my God, the living God,
O when shall I behold thy face,
3 Tears are my constant food, while thus
"Deluded wretch, where's now thy God?"
4 I sigh when e'er my musing thoughts
When I with troops of pious friends
When I advanc'd with songs of praise
And led the joyful sacred throng,
5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul,
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
6 My soul's cast down, O God, but thinks
From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights,
7 One trouble calls another on
Fall spouting down, till round my soul
8 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing,
9 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd

when heated in the chace,
and thy refreshing grace.
my thirsty soul doth pine;
thou majesty divine!
insulting foes upbraid,
and where his promis'd aid?"
those happy days present,
thy temple did frequent.
my solemn vows to pay,
that kept the festal day.
trust God, and he'll employ
to thankful hymns of joy.
on thee and Sion still;
and Misar's humbler hill.
and, bursting o'er my head,
a roaring sea is spread.
has once dispell'd this storm,
and all my vows perform.
like one forgotten, mourn?
to my oppressor's scorn.

P S A L M XLIII, XLIV.

10 My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword,
 11 Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
 12 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 The praise of him who is thy God,

whilst thus my foes upbraid,
 and where his promis'd aid?
 hope still and thou shalt sing
 thy health's eternal spring.

P S A L M XLIII.

JUST judge of Heav'n, against my foes
 O set me free, my God, from those
 2 Since thou art still my only stay,
 Why go I mourning all the day,
 3 Let me with light and truth be blest'd,
 Till on thy holy hill I rest,
 4 Then will I there fresh altars raise
 And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
 5 Why then cast down, my soul, and why
 On God, thy God, for aid rely,

do thou assert my injur'd right:
 that in deceit and wrong delight.
 why leav'st thou me in deep distress?
 whilst me insulting foes oppress?
 be these my guides and lead the way,
 and in thy sacred temple pray.
 to God who is my only joy;
 shall all my grateful hours employ.
 so much oppress'd with anxious care?
 who will thy ruin'd state repair.

P S A L M XLIV.

O Lord, our fathers oft have told
 Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
 2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive
 Dispeopled by repeated strokes
 3 For, not their courage, nor their sword
 Nor strength, that from unequal force
 But thy right hand and pow'rful arm,
 Thy presence with the chosen race,
 4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
 O therefore, as thou didst to them,
 5 Thro' thy victorious name our arms
 And crush them with repeated strokes,
 6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword,
 7 But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd,
 8 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
 In God we will rejoice all day,

in our attentive ears,
 and elder times than theirs:
 the Heathen from this land;
 of thy avenging hand.
 to them possession gave;
 their fainting troops could save:
 whose succour they implor'd;
 who thy great name ador'd.
 thou art our sov'reign king;
 to us deliv'rance bring.
 the proudest foes shall quell,
 as oft as they rebel.
 when I in fight engage;
 and sham'd their spiteful rage.
 from whom the conquest came;
 and ever blest his name.

The Second Part.

9 But thou hast cast us off, and now
 For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead
 10 Since when, to every upstart foe
 And with our spoil their malice feast,
 11 To slaughter doom'd, we fall, like sheep
 Or (what's more wretched yet) survive
 12 Thy people thou hast sold for slaves,
 That not thy treasure by the sale,
 13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round,
 Whose scorn of us is both in speech
 15 Confusion strikes me blind, my face
 16 While we are scold'd, and God blasphem'd, by their licentious pride.

most shamefully we yield;
 our armies to the field.
 we turn our backs in fight;
 who bear us ancient spite.
 into their butch'ring hands;
 dispers'd thro' heathen lands.
 and set their price so low,
 but their disgrace might grow.
 the Heathen's bye-word grown,
 and mocking gestures shown.
 in conscious shame I hide,
 in conscious shame I hide,

The Third Part.

17 On us this heap of woes is fall'n,
 Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name,
 18 But in thy righteous paths have kept
 19 Tho' thou hast broken all our strength,
 20 Could we, forgetting thy great name,
 21 And not the searcher of all hearts
 22 Thou seest what sufferings for thy sake
 All slaughter'd or reserv'd like sheep
 23 Awake, arise; let seeming sleep
 Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
 24 O wherefore hidest thou thy face,
 25 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth,
 26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
 Redeem us, Lord,—if not for ours,

all this we have endur'd;
 or faith to thee abjur'd.
 our hearts and steps with care;
 and we almost despair.
 on other Gods rely,
 the treach'rous crime descry?
 we ev'ry day sustain;
 appointed to be slain.
 no longer thee detain;
 for ever sue in vain.
 from our afflicted state?
 with grief's oppressive weight.
 to our deliv'rance make;
 yet for thy mercy's sake.

P S A L M XLV, XLVI, XLVII.

P S A L M XLV.

WHILE I the king's loud praise rehearse,
 My tongue is like the pen of him
 2 How matchless is thy form, O king!
 Because fresh blessings God on thee
 3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty prince,
 With glorious ornaments of pow'r
 4 Ride on in state, and still protect
 Whilst thy right hand with swift revenge
 5 How sharp thy weapons are to them,
 Down, down they fall, while thro' their heart
 6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd
 Thy scepter's sway shall always last,
 7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
 And hated still the crooked paths
 Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
 And has above thy fellows round
 8 With cassia, aloes, and myrrh,
 Which from the stately wardrobe brought
 9 Among the honourable train
 The queen was plac'd at thy right hand,
 indited by my heart,
 that writes with ready art.
 thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
 eternally bestows.
 and, clad in rich array,
 majestic pomp display.
 the meek, the just, and true;
 does all thy foes pursue.
 that dare thy pow'r oppose!
 the feather'd arrow goes.
 for ever to endure;
 by righteous laws secure.
 did upright ways approve,
 where wand'ring sinners rove.
 the oil of gladness shed;
 advanc'd thy lofty head.
 thy royal robes abound;
 spread grateful odours round.
 did princely virgins wait;
 in golden robes of state.

The Second Part.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear,
 Forget thy native country now,
 11 So shall thy beauty charm the king,
 For he is now become thy Lord,
 12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud,
 And all the wealthy nations sue
 13 The king's fair daughter's beauteous soul
 Her raiment is of purest gold,
 14 She, in her nuptial garments dress'd,
 Attended by her virgin train,
 15 With all the state of solemn joy
 Till with wide gates the royal court
 16 Thou, in thy royal father's room,
 Whom thou to different realms may'st send
 17 Whilst this my song to future times
 And makes the world, with one consent,
 and to my words attend;
 and ev'ry former friend.
 nor shall his love decay;
 to him due rev'rence pay.
 shall humble presents make;
 thy favour to partake.
 all inward graces fill;
 adorn'd with costly skill.
 with needles richly wrought,
 shall to the king be brought.
 the triumph moves along,
 receives the pompous throng.
 most princely sons expect;
 to govern and protect.
 transmits thy glorious name;
 thy lasting praise proclaim.

P S A L M XLVI.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
 To him undaunted we'll confide;
 2, 3 Tho' earth were from her center toss'd, and mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide,
 4 A gentler stream with gladness still the city of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal seat of God most high:
 5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs shall mock the assaults of earthly pow'rs,
 While his almighty aid is nigh.
 6 In tumults when the Heathen rag'd, and kingdoms war against us wag'd,
 He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs:
 7 The Lord of hosts conduct our arms, our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 Our fathers guardian God and ours.
 8 Come see the wonders he hath wrought, on earth what desolation brought;
 How he has calm'd the jarring world:
 9 He broke the warlike spear and bow; with them the thund'ring chariots too
 Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
 10 Submit to God's almighty sway, for him the Heathen shall obey,
 And earth her sov'reign Lord confess.
 11 The God of hosts conduct our arms, our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.

P S A L M XLVII.

1, 2 O All ye people, clap your hands, and with triumphant voices sing;
 No force the mighty pow'r withstands, of God the universal king;
 3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell, and with success our battles fight;
 shall fix the place where we must dwell, the pride of Jacob, his delight.

P S A L M XLVIII, XLIX.

5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and king, with shouts of joy and trumpets sound;
 To him repeated praises sing, and let the cheerful song go round.
 7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shewn, for him who all the world commands;
 Who sits upon his righteous throne, and spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.
 9 Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence, t'adore the God of Abr'am came,
 Found him their constant sure defence, how great and glorious is his name!

P S A L M XLVIII.

THE Lord, the only God is great,
 In Zion, on whose happy mount
 Her tow'rs, the joy of all the earth,
 On her north side the almighty king's
 God in her palaces is known,
 Confed'rate kings withdrew their siege,
 They view'd their walls, admir'd and fled,
 Like women, whom the sudden pangs,
 No wretched crew of mariners
 When fleets from Tarshish wealthy coasts
 In Zion we have seen perform'd
 In pledge that God, for times to come,
 Not in our fortresses and walls,
 But on the temple fix'd our hopes,
 10 According to thy sov'reign name,
 Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides,
 11 Let Zion's mount with joy resound,
 In songs his judgment to extol,
 12 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
 Count all her tow'rs, and see if there
 13 Her forts and palaces survey,
 That with assurance to your heirs,
 14 This God is ours and will be ours,
 Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
 and greatly to be prais'd
 his sacred throne is rais'd.
 with beauteous prospect rise;
 imperial city lies.
 his presence is her guard;
 and of success despair'd.
 with grief and terror struck,
 of travail had o'ertook.
 appear like them forlorn,
 by eastern winds are torn.
 a work that was foretold,
 his city will uphold.
 did we, O God, confide;
 in which thou dost reside.
 thy praise thro' earth extends;
 chastises or defends.
 her daughters all be taught,
 who this deliv'rance wrought.
 your eyes quite round her cast;
 you find one stone displac'd,
 observe their order well;
 this wonder you may tell.
 whilst we in him confide;
 till death will be our guide.

P S A L M XLIX.

1, 2 **L**ET all the list'ning world attend
 Let high and low, and rich and poor, with joint consent give ear.
 3 My mouth with sacred wisdom fill'd,
 shall good advice impart,
 The sound result of prudent thoughts, digested in my heart.
 4 To parables of weighty sense
 I will my ear incline;
 Whilst to my tuneful harp I sing dark words of deep design.
 5 Why should my courage fail in times of danger and of doubt?
 When sinners that would me supplant, have compass'd me about?
 6 Those men that all their hope and trust in heaps of treasure place,
 And boast, and triumph when they see their ill-got wealth increase,
 7 Are yet unable from the grave, their dearest friend to free;
 Nor can by force of costly bribes reverse God's firm decree.
 8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit, the price is held too high;
 No sum can purchase such a grant, that man should never die.
 10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt, nor fools their folly save;
 But both must perish, and in death their wealth to others leave.
 11 For tho' they think their stately seat shall ne'er to ruin fall;
 But their remembrance last, in lands which by their names they call:
 12 Yet shall their name be soon forgot, how great soe'er their state;
 With beasts their memory and they shall share one common fate.

The Second Part.

13 How great their folly is, who thus absurd conclusions make!
 And yet their children unreclaim'd, repeat the gross mistake.
 14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led, the prey of death are made;
 Their beauty, while the just rejoice, within the grave shall fade.
 15 But God will yet redeem my soul, and from the greedy grave
 His greater pow'r shall set me free, and to himself receive.
 16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men in envy'd wealth abound,
 Nor tho' their prosperous house increase, with state and honour crown'd.

P S A L M L, LI.

17 For when they're summon'd hence by death, they leave all this behind;
 No shadow of their former pomp within the grave they find:
 18 And yet they thought their state was blest'd, caught in the flat ter's snare,
 Who with their vanity comply'd, and prais'd their selfish care.
 19 In their forefather's steps they tread; and when, like them, they die,
 Their wretched ancestors and they in endless darkness lie.
 20 For man, how great foe'er his state, unless he's truly wise,
 As like a sensual beast he lives, so like a beast he dies.

P S A L M L.

1, 2 **T**HE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God hath sent his summons all abroad
 From dawning light, till day declines;
 The list'ning earth his voice hath heard, and he from Sion hath appear'd,
 Where beauty in perfection shines.
 3, 4, Our God shall come and keep no more misconstru'd silence as before;
 But wasting flames before him send;
 Around shall tempests fiercely rage, while he does Heav'n and Earth engage
 His just tribunal to attend.
 5, 6, Assemble all my saints to me, (thus runs the great divine decree)
 That in my lasting cov'nant live;
 And off'rings bring with constant care; (the Heav'n his justice shall declare,
 For God himself shall sentence give.)
 7 Attend, my people: Israel, hear; thy strong accuser I'll appear;
 Thy God, thy only God am I;
 8 'Tis not of off'rings I complain, which daily in my temple slain,
 My sacred altar did supply.
 9 Will this alone atonement make? no bullock from thy stall I'll take,
 Nor he-goat from thy fold accept;
 10 The forest beasts that range alone, the cattle too are all my own,
 That on a thousand hills are kept.
 11 I know the fowls, that build their nest in craggy rocks; and savage beasts,
 That loosely haunt the open fields:
 12 If seiz'd with hunger I could be, I need not seek relief from thee,
 Since the world's mine, and all it yields.
 13 Think'st thou that I have any need on slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
 To eat their flesh and drink their blood?
 14 The sacrifices I require, are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
 And vows with strictest care made good.
 15 In time of trouble call on me, and I will set thee safe and free,
 And thou returns of praise shalt make.
 16 But to the wicked thus saith God, how dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,
 Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?
 17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in sin, hast proof against instruction been,
 And of my word didst slightly speak.
 18 When thou a subtle thief didst see, thou gladly didst with him agree,
 And with adult'ers didst partake.
 19 Vile slander is thy chief delight, thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and spite,
 Deceitful tales doth hourly spread;
 20 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound thy brother, and with lies confound
 The offspring of thy mother's bed:
 21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove to gain with silence and with love;
 'Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
 That I was such a one as thou; but I'll reprove and shame thee now,
 And set thy sins before thine eyes.
 22 Mark this ye wicked fools, lest I let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
 Whilst none shall dare your cause to own.
 23 Who praises me due honour gives; and to the man that justly lives,
 My strong salvation shall be shewn.

P S A L M LI.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me, as thou wert ever kind;
 Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt, thy wonted mercy find.
 2, 3 Wash off my foul offence, and cleanse me from my sin;
 For I confess my crime, and see how great my guilt has been.
 4 Against thee, Lord, alone, and only in thy fight,
 Have I transgress'd, and tho' condemn'd must own thy judgments right.

P S A L M LII, LIII, LIV.

3 In guilt each part was form'd
In guilt I was conceiv'd and born
6 Yet thou, whose searching eye
In secret didst with wisdom's laws
7 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
8 Make me to hear with joy
That so the bones which thou hast broke,
9, 10 Blot out my crying sins,
Create in me a heart that's clean,

of all this sinful frame;
the heir of sin and shame.
doth inward truth require,
my tender soul inspire.
and so I clean shall be:
when purify'd by thee.
thy kind forgiving voice;
may with fresh strength rejoice.
nor me in anger view;
an upright mind renew.

The Second Part.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor let thy holy spirit take
12 The joy thy favours give
And thy free spirit's firm support
13 So I thy righteous ways
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
14 My guilt of blood remove,
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
15 Do thou unlock my lips,
So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise
16 Could sacrifice atone,
But on such offerings thou disdain'st
17 A broken spirit is
By him a broken contrite heart
18 Let Sion favour find,
And thy own city flourish long,
19 The just shall then attend
And sacrifice of choicest kind

nor cast me from thy sight;
its everlasting flight.
let me again obtain;
my fainting soul sustain.
to sinners will impart,
to thy just laws convert.
my saviour and my God;
thy righteous acts abroad.
with sorrow clos'd and shame;
to all the world proclaim.
whole flocks and herds should die;
to cast a gracious eye.
by God most highly priz'd;
shall never be despis'd.
of thy good will assur'd;
by lofty walls secur'd.
and pleasing tribute pay;
upon thy altar lay.

P S A L M LII.

IN vain, O man of lawless might,
Since God, the God in whom I trust,
2 Thy wicked tongue doth stand'rous tales
And, sharper than a razor set,
3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good,
Thy tongue delights in words, by which
5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
6 The just, with pious fear, shall see
And at thy sudden ruin laugh,
7 "See there the man that haughty was,
"Who trusted in his wealth, and still
8 But I am like those olive plants,
And hope with his indulgent grace
9 So shall my soul, with praise, O God,
And on thy name with patience wait,

thou boast'st thyself in ill:
vouchsafes his favour still.
maliciously devise;
it wounds with treach'rous lies.
on lies than truth employ'd;
the guiltless are destroy'd;
and snatch thee soon away;
nor in the world to stay.
the downfall of thy pride;
and thus thy fall deride:
who proudly God defy'd,
on wicked arts rely'd."
that shade God's temple round;
to be for ever crown'd.
extol thy wond'rous love;
for this thy saints approve.

P S A L M LIII.

THE wicked fools must sure suppose,
This gross mistake their practice shows,
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
3 But all, he saw, were backwards gone
None for religion car'd, not one
4 But are those workers of deceit
That they, like bread, my people eat,
5 Their causeless fears shall strangely grow,
Shall soon be foil'd; his hand shall throw
6 Would he his saving pow'r employ
Loud shouts of universal joy

that God is but a name;
since virtue all disclaim.
tow'rs the sons of men to view:
or truth or justice knew;
degen'rate grown, and base;
of all the sinful race.
so dull and senseless grown,
and God's just pow'r disown?
and they, dispis'd of God,
their shatter'd bones abroad.
to break our servile band,
should echo tho' the land.

P S A L M LIV.

1, 2 LORD, save me, for thy glorious name, and in thy strength appear,
To judge my cause, accept my pray'r, and to my words give ear.
3 Mere strangers, whom I never wrong'd, to ruin me design'd;
And cruel men, that fear no God, against my soul combin'd.

P S A L M LV, LVI.

4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends, and he's the surest guard;
The God of truth shall give my foes their falsehood's just reward;
6 While I my grateful off'rings bring and sacrifice with joy:
And in his praise my time to come delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful danger and distress the Lord hath set me free;
Thro' him shall I of all my foes the just destruction see.

P S A L M LV.

GIVE ear, thou judge of all the earth,
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
2 Attend to this my sad complaint,
Whilst I my mournful case declare
3 Hark! how the foe insults aloud,
Whose slanderous tongues with wrathful hate
4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my soul
With fear and trembling compass'd round,
6 How often wish'd I then, that I
That I might take my speedy flight,
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
'Till all this furious storm were spent,
and listen when I pray;
thy glorious face away.
and hear my grievous moans;
with heartless sighs and groans.
how fierce oppressors rage!
against my fame engage.
with deadly frights distress:
with horror quite oppress.
the dove's swift wings could get;
and seek a safe retreat.
and in wild deserts fray,
this tempest past away.

The Second Part.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs,
For, through the city my griev'd eyes
10 By day and night on ev'ry wall
And in the midst of all her strength
11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry part shall roam,
Deceit and guile their constant posts
12 For 'twas not any open foe
For then I could with ease have borne
'Twas none, who hatred had profess'd,
For then I had withdrawn myself
13, 14 But 'twas e'en thou, my guide and friend,
Whose sweet advice I valu'd most,
15 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes,
And sudden death requite those ill,
16, 17 But I will call on God, who still
At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray,
their counsels soon divide;
have strife and rapine 'spy'd.
they walk'd their constant round;
are grief and mischief found.
will fresh disorders meet;
maintain in ev'ry street.
that false reflections made;
the bitter things he said:
that did against me rise;
from his malicious eyes.
friend, whom tend'rest love did join;
whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
such traitors must surprise;
they wickedly devise.
shall in my aid appear;
and he my voice shall hear.

The Third Part.

18 God has releas'd my soul from those,
And made a num'rous host of friends
19 For he, who was my help of old,
And punish them, whose prosp'rous state
20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men
'To ruin me, their peaceful friend,
21 Tho' soft and melting are their words,
Their speeches are more smooth than oil,
22 Do thou, my soul, on God depend,
He aids the just, whom to supplant
23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood,
Whilst I for health and length of days
that did with me contend;
my righteous cause defend.
shall now his suppliant hear;
makes them no God to fear.
perfidiously devise
and break the strongest ties;
their hearts with war abound;
and yet like swords they wound.
and he shall thee sustain;
the wicked strive in vain.
shall all untimely die;
on thee, my God, rely.

P S A L M LVI.

DO thou, O God, in mercy help,
To crush me with repeated wrongs
2 Continually my spiteful foes
Thou seek, who sitt'st enthron'd on high,
3 But tho' sometimes surpriz'd by fear,
Yet still for succour I depend
4 Gods faithful promise I shall praise,
in God I trust, and trusting him,
5 They wrest my words, and make them speak a sense they never meant:
Their thoughts are all with restless spite,
6 In close assemblies they combine,
They watch my steps, and lie in wait
for man my life pursues;
he daily strife renews.
to ruin me combine;
what mighty numbers join
(on dangers first alarm)
on thy almighty arm.
on which I now rely:
the arm of flesh defy.
on my destruction bent.
and wicked projects lay;
to make my soul their prey.

P S A L M LVII, LVIII, LIX.

7 Shall such injustice still escape?
Let thy just wrath (too long provok'd)
8 Thou number'st all my wand'ring steps,
My very tears are treasur'd up,
9 When therefore I invoke thy aid,
For I am well assur'd that God
10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due
13 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death,
The life, thou hast so oft preserv'd,
14 That thus, protected by thy pow'r,
And in the service of my God

P S A L M LVII.

THY mercy, Lord, to me extend,

And to thy wings for shelter haste,

2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Who wonders hast for me begun,

3 From Heav'n protect me by thine arm and shame all those who seek my harm;
To my relief thy mercy send, and truth, on which my hopes depend.

4 For I with savage men converse, like hungry lions wild and fierce, [words.
With men whose teeth are spears, their words invenom'd darts, and two-edg'd

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;

So let it be on earth display'd,

6 To take me they their net prepar'd,
But fell themselves by just decree

7 O'God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise

8 Awake my glory, harp and lute,

And I, my tuneful part to take,

9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound

10 Thy mercy highest Heav'n transcends,

11 Be thou, O God, exalted high;

So let it be on earth display'd,

P S A L M LVIII.

SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth,

2 Or, must not innocence appeal

3 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes

4 To virtue strangers from the womb,
They prattled slander, and in lies

5 No serpent of parch'd Afric's breed
The drowly adder will as soon

6 Unmov'd by good advice and deaf
From whom the skilful charmer's voice

7 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
Disarm these growing lions' jaws,

8 Let now their insolence, at height,
Their sniver'd darts deceive their aim

9 Like snails let them dissolve to slime,
Unworthy to behold the sun,

10 E'er thorns can make the flesh pots boil,
From God, and snatch them hence alive

11 The righteous shall rejoice to see
And saints in persecutors blood

12 Transgressors then with grief shall see
And own a God, whose justice will

P S A L M LIX.

DELIVER me, O Lord my God,

In my defence oppose thy pow'r

2 Preserve me from a wicked race,
Protect me from remorseless men,

3 They lie in wait and mighty pow'rs
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st

4 In haste they run about and watch
Look down, O Lord, on my distress,

5 from all my spiteful foes;
to theirs, who me oppose.
who make a trade of ill;
who seek my blood to spill.
against my life combine:
for no offence of mine.
my guiltless life to take:
and to my help awake.

O righteous God, arise:

this impious race chastise.

since first compell'd to flee;

and register'd by thee.

my foes shall be o'erthrown;

my righteous cause will own.

the force that man can raise;

to thee I'll render praise.

and thou wilt still secure

and make my footsteps sure:

I may this light enjoy,

my length'n'd days employ.

on thy protection I depend,

'till this outrageous storm is past.

thou sov'reign judge and God most high;

and wilt not leave thy work undone.

and truth, on which my hopes depend.

and, as thy glory fills the sky,

'till thou art here, as there obey'd.

and had almost my soul ensnar'd,

into the pit they made for me.

its thankful tribute to present;

to thee, my God, in songs of praise.

no longer let your strings be mute;

will with the early dawn awake,

to all the list'ning nations round:

thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

and, as thy glory fills the sky,

'till thou art here, as there obey'd.

if just your sentence be,

to Heav'n from your decree?

alike by malice sway'd:

to violence betray'd.

their infant steps went wrong:

employ'd their lisping tongue.

does ranker poison bear;

unlock his fullen ear.

as adders they remain;

can no attention gain.

and timely break their pow'r;

e'er practis'd to devour.

like ebbing tides be spent:

when their bow have bent.

like hasty births, become

and dead within the womb.

tempestuous wrath shall come

to their eternal doom.

their crimes such vengeance meet,

shall dip their harmless feet.

just men rewards obtain;

the guilty earth arraign.

PSALM LX, LXI.

5 Thou, Lord of hosts, and Israel's God,
 Relentless vengeance take on those,
 6 At ev'ning to beset my house
 While others thro' the city range,
 7 Their throats envenom'd slander breathe,
 Who hears (say they) or hearing dares
 8 But from thy throne thou shalt, O Lord,
 And soon to scorn and shame expose
 9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy strength
 'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
 10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
 Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
 11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once,
 Lest we, ungratefully, too soon
 Disperse them thro' the nations round
 Do thou bring down their haughty pride,
 12 Now, in the height of all their hopes,
 Whose tongues have sinn'd without restraint,
 13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endures,
 That distant lands, by their just doom,
 14 At ev'ning let them still persist
 Still wander all the city round,
 15 Then, as for malice now they do,
 And yell their vain complaints aloud,
 16 Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
 For thou hast been my sure defence,
 17 To thee with never-ceasing praise,
 Thou art my God, the rock from whence

their heathen rage suppress:
 who stubbornly transgress.
 like growling dogs they meet;
 and ransack ev'ry street.
 their tongues are sharpen'd swords;
 reprove our lawless words;
 their baffled plots deride;
 their boasted heathen pride.
 for succour I depend:
 who only canst defend.
 from danger set me free,
 my haughty foes to me.
 restrain thy vengeful blow,
 forget their overthrow.
 by thy avenging pow'r:
 O Lord, our shield and tow'r.
 their arrogance chastise;
 and curies join'd with lies.
 thine anger, Lord, suppress,
 may Israel's God confess.
 like growling dogs to meet,
 and traverse every street.
 for hunger let them stray,
 defeated of their prey.
 thy wond'rous pow'r confess;
 my refuge in distress.
 O God, my strength, I'll sing:
 my health and safety spring.

PSALM LX.

O God, who hast our troops dispers'd,
 As we thy just displeasure mourn,
 2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand,
 O heal the breaches thou hast made;
 3 Our folly's sad effects we feel, for,
 4 But now for them who thee rever'd thou
 5 Let thy right hand thy saints protect: Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct!
 6 The holy God hath spoken; I
 To thee in portions I'll divide
 'To Sichem Succoth next I'll join,
 7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe to my commands, with Ephraim's tribe;
 Ephraim by arms supports my cause, and Judah by religious laws.
 8 Moab my slave and drudge shall be, nor Edom from my yoke get free;
 Proud Palestine's imperious state shall humbly on our triumph wait.
 9 But who shall quell these mighty pow'rs, and clear my way to Edom's tow'rs?
 Or thro' her guarded frontiers tread the path that doth to conquest lead;
 10 Ev'n thou, O God, who hast dispers'd our troops (for we forsook thee first)
 Those whom thou didst in wrath forsake, aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
 11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain, for human succours are but vain.
 12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows, 'tis he treads down our proudest foes.

PSALM LXI.

LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r,
 2 From earth's remotest parts address
 O lodge me safe beyond the reach
 3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes
 4 So shall I in thy sacred courts
 Beneath the covert of thy wings
 5 In sign my vows are heard, once more
 6 O bless with long and prosp'rous life
 7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign
 And let thy truth and mercy both
 8 So shall I ever sing thy praise,
 Devote my prosp'rous days to pay

which I, oppress'd with grief,
 to thee for kind relief;
 of persecuting pow'r;
 has been my heltring tow'r.
 secure from danger lie;
 all future storms defy.
 I o'er thy chosen reign;
 the king, thou didst ordain.
 accepted in thy sight,
 in his defence unite.
 thy name for ever bless;
 the vows of my distress.

P S A L M LXII, LXIII, LXIV.

P S A L M LXII.

MY soul for help on God relies,
 2 My rock, my health, that strength supplies to bear the shock of all my foes,
 3 How long will ye contrive my fall, which will but hasten on your own
 You'll totter like a bending wall, or fence of uncemented stone.
 4 To make my envy'd honours less they strive with lies, their chief delight;
 For they, tho' with their mouths they bless, in private curie with inward spite.
 5, 6 But thou, my soul, on God rely; on him alone thy trust repose;
 My rock and health will strength supply to bear the shock of all my foes.
 7 God does his saving health dispense, and flowing blessings daily send;
 He is my fortress and defence, on him my soul shall still depend.
 8 In him, ye people, always trust before his throne pour out your hearts;
 For God, the merciful and just, his timely aid to us imparts.
 9 The vulgar fickle are and frail; the great dissemble and betray;
 And laid in truth's impartial scale, lightest things will both out-weigh.
 10 Then trust not in oppressive ways, by spoil and rapine grow not vain;
 Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase, be set too much upon your gain.
 11 For God has oft his will express'd, and I this truth have fully known;
 To be of boundless pow'r possess'd belongs of right to God alone.
 12 Tho' mercy is his darling grace, in which he chiefly takes delight,
 Yet will he all the human race according to their works requite.

P S A L M LXIII.

O God, my gracious God, to thee my morning pray'rs shall offer'd be:
 For thee my thirsty soul does pant; within this dry and barren place,
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace; where I refreshing waters want.
 2 O to my longing eyes once more that view of glorious pow'r restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays; than life itself does dearer prove,
 3 Because to me thy wondrous love My lips shall always speak thy praise.
 4 My life, while I that life enjoy, in blessing God I will employ,
 With lifted hands adore his name. as their's who choicest dainties eat,
 5 My soul's content shall be as great While I with joy his praise proclaim.
 6 When down I lie sweet sleep to find, thou, Lord, art present to my mind.
 And when I wake in dead of night;
 7 Because thou still dost succour bring, beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight. [pow'r
 8 My soul, when foes would me devour, cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless
 In her support is daily thown.
 9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay that my destruction wish; and they
 That seek my life shall loose their own.
 10, 11 They by untimely ends shall die, their flesh a prey to foxes lie;
 But God shall fill the king with joy. [voice,
 Who swears by thee shall still rejoice, whilst the false tongue and lying
 Thou, Lord, shall silence and destroy.

P S A L M LXIV.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint, to my request give ear;
 Preserve my life from cruel foes, and free my soul from fear.
 2 O hide me with thy tend'rest care, in some secure retreat,
 From sinners that against me rise, and all their plots defeat.
 3 See how, intent to work my harm, they whet their tongues like swords;
 And bend their bows to shoot their darts, sharp lies and bitter words.
 4 Lurking in private at the just they take their secret aim;
 And suddenly at him they shoot, quite void of fear and shame.
 5 To carry on their ill designs they mutually agree;
 They speak of laying private snares, and think that none shall see.
 6 With utmost diligence and care their wicked plots they lay;
 The deep designs of all their hearts are only to betray.
 7 But God, to anger justly mov'd, his dreadful bow shall bend,
 And on his flying arrow's point shall swift destruction send.
 8 Those flanders, which their mouths did vent, upon themselves shall fall;
 Their crimes disclos'd, shall make them be despis'd and shunn'd by all.
 9 The world shall then God's pow'r confess, and nations trembling stand,
 Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work of his avenging hand.
 10 Whilst righteous men, by God secur'd, in him shall gladly trust;
 And all the list'ning earth shall hear, loud triumphs of the just.

P S A L M LXV, LXVI, LXVII,

P S A L M LXV.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
3 Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain
4 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
5 By wondrous acts, O God, most just,
In thee remotest nations trust, and
6, 7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills,
With which the seas loud waves he stills, and does his matchless pow'r engage,
and angry crowds tumultuous rage.

The Second Part.

8 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay
With joy they see the night and day
9 From out thy unexhausted store
Makes lands, that barren were before,
10 On rising ridges down it pours,
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
11 Thy goodness does the circling year
And, where thy glorious paths appear,
12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd
The hills about in order rang'd
13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
A plenteous crop of full-eared corn,
when they thy dreadful tokens view,
each others track by turns pursue.
thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;
with corn and useful fruit abound.
and ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
in which a blest increase distils.
with fresh returns of plenty crown;
thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
by them to pastures fresh and green;
in beauteous robes of joy are seen.
the cheerful downs; the vallies bring
and seem for joy to shout and sing.

P S A L M LXVI.

1, 2 **L**ET all the lands with shouts of joy
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
3 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
4 Thro' all the earth the nations round
And with glad hymns their awful dread
5 O come behold the works of God,
That he to all the sons of men
6 He made the sea become dry land,
Whilst to each other of his might
7 He by his power for ever rules;
Let no presumptuous man rebel
to God their voices raise;
and spread his glorious praise.
in all thy works art thou!
shall all be forc'd to bow.
shall thee their God confess;
of thy great name express.
and then with me you'll own,
has wondrous judgments shown.
through which our father's walk'd;
with joy his people talk'd.
his eyes the world survey;
against his sov'reign sway.

The Second Part.

8, 9 O all ye nations, bless our God,
Who keeps our soul alive, and still
10 For thou has try'd us, Lord, as fire
11 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we
12 Insulting foes did us, their slaves,
But yet at last thou brought'st us forth
13 Burnt off'rings to thy house I'll bring,
14 Which I with solemn zeal did make
15 Then shall the richest incense smoke,
The choicest goats from out the fold,
16 O come all ye that fear the Lord,
Whilst I, what God for me has done,
17, 18 As I before his aid implor'd,
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,
19 But God to me whene'er I cry'd,
And to the voice of my request
20 Then blest'd for ever be my God,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
and loudly speak his praise;
confirms our stedfast ways.
does try the precious ore;
oppressing burthens bore.
thro' fire and water chace;
into a wealthy place.
and there my vows I'll pay,
in trouble's dismal day.
the fattest rams shall fall;
and bullocks from the stall.
attend with heedful care;
with grateful joy declare.
so now I praise his name;
would all my pray'rs disclaim.
his gracious ear did bend;
with constant love attend.
who never, when I pray,
nor turns his face away.

P S A L M LXVII.

TO bless thy chosen race,
And cause the brightness of thy face
2 That so thy wond'rous ways
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay
in mercy, Lord, incline;
on all thy saints to shine:
may thro' the world be known,
and thy salvation own.

P S A L M LXVIII.

1 Let diff'ring nations join
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
2 O let them shout and sing,
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
3 Let diff'ring nations join
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
4 Then shall the teeming ground
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
5 Then God upon our land
And all the world in awe shall stand

to celebrate thy fame;
to praise thy glorious name.
dissolv'd in pious mirth,
shalt govern all the earth.
to celebrate thy fame;
to praise thy glorious name.
a large increase disclose;
which God, our God, bestows,
shall constant blessings show'r,
of his resistless pow'r.

P S A L M LXVIII.

LET God, the God of battle rise,
Let shameful rout their host surprise,
2 As smoke in tempest's rage is lost,
So let their sacrilegious host
3 But let the servants of his will
Their upright hearts let gladness fill, and
4 To him your voice in anthems raise,
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
5 Him, from his empire of the skies,
The orphan's claim to patronize,
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil
Makes captives free, and fruitless toil, their
7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead,
Strange terrors thro' the desert spread,
8 The breaking clouds did rain distil, and
How then shall Sinai's humble hill
9 Thy hand, at famish'd Earth's complaint,
And, when thy heritage was faint, assag'd
10 Where savages had rang'd before,
And in the desert for the poor

and scatter his presumptuous foes;
who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
or wax into the furnace cast,
before his wrathful presence waste.
his favours gentle beams enjoy;
and cheerful songs their tongues employ.
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
who rides upon high rolling spheres.
to this low world compassion draws,
and judge the injur'd widow's cause.
restores poor exiles to their home,
their proud oppressors righteous doom.
in person, Lord, our armies forth,
convulsions shook th' astonish'd earth.
Heav'n's high arches shook with fear;
of Israel's God the presence bear!
reliev'd her from celestial stores;
the drought with plenteous show'rs.
at ease thou mad'st our tribes reside;
thy gen'rous bounty didst provide.

The Second Part.

11 Thou gav'st the word, we saliv'd forth,
While virgin troops with songs of mirth
12 Vast armies by such gen'ral's led,
Forsook their camp with sudden dread,
13 'Tho' Egypt's drudges you have been,
As doves, in golden sun-shine seen,
14 'Twas so, when God's almighty hand
Our troops drawn up on Jordan's strand,
15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast;
No more her height shall Bashan boast,
16 But wherefore (tho' the honour's great)
For Sion is his chosen seat,
17 His chariots numberless, his pow'rs
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
18 Ascending high in triumph thou
And on thy people didst bestow
E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
To worship at thy dwelling place,
19 For benefits each day bestow'd,
20 Who is our Saviour and our God,
21 But justice for his harden'd foes
To wound the hoary head of those,
22 The Lord hath thus in thunder spoke: "As I subdu'd proud Bashan's king,
" Once more I'll break my people's yoke, and from the deep my servants bring.
23 " Their feet shall with a crimson flood of slaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er,
" Nor earth receive such impious blood, but leave for dogs th' unallow'd gore."

and in that pow'rful word o'ercame;
in state our conquest did proclaim.
as yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
and to our women left the spoil.
your army's wings shall shine as bright
or silver'd o'er with paler light.
o'er scatter'd kings the conquest won;
high Salmon's glitt'ring snow out-shone.
and Bashan's hill we did advance;
but that she's God's inheritance.
should this, O mountains, swell your
where he for ever will reside. [pride
are heav'nly hosts that wait his will;
as once it honour'd Sinai's hill,
captivity hast captive led,
the spoil of armies, once their dread.
and humble Profelytes repair
and all the world pay homage there.
be daily his great name ador'd;
of life and death the sov'reign Lord.
proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
who in presumptuous crimes proceed.
" As I subdu'd proud Bashan's king,
and from the deep my servants bring.
of slaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er,
but leave for dogs th' unallow'd gore."

The Third Part.

24 When, marching to thy blest abode,
The pompous state of thee, our God,
25 Sweet singing Levites led the van,
Between both troops a virgin train

the wond'ring multitude survey'd
in robes of majesty array'd;
loud instruments brought up the rear;
with voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.

P S A L M LXIX.

26 This was the burthen of their song, "In full assemblies blest the Lord,
 "All, who to Israel's tribes belong the God of Israel's praise record."
 27 Nor little Benjamin alone from neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
 Nor only Judah's nearer throne her counsellors in state did send.
 But Zebulon's remoter seat, and Naphtali's more distant coast,
 (The grand procession to complete) sent up their tribes, a princely host.
 28 Thus God to strength and union brought our tribes, at strife 'till that blest hour;
 'This work, which thou, O God, hast wrought, confirm with fresh recruits of pow'r.
 29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend, and Sion thy tereſtrial throne;
 Where kings with presents shall attend, and thee with offer'd crowns atone.
 30 Break down the ſpearmen's ranks, who threat like pamper'd herds of ſavage
 Their ſilver'd armour'd chiefs defeat, who in deſtructive war delight. [night.
 31 Egypt ſhall then to God ſtretch forth her hands, and Afric homage bring:
 32 The ſcatter'd kingdoms of the earth their common ſov'reign's praises ſing.
 33 Who, mounted on the loftieſt ſphere of ancient Heav'n ſublimely rides;
 From whence his dreadful voice we hear, like that of warring winds and tides.
 34 Aſcribe the pow'r to God moſt high, of humble Iſrael he takes care;
 Whoſe ſtrength from out the duſky ſky darts ſhining terrors thro' the air.
 35 How dreadful are the ſacred courts, where God has fix'd his earthly throne!
 His ſtrength his feeble ſaints ſupports; to God give praiſe and him alone.

P S A L M LXIX.

SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll, and preſs to overwhelm my ſoul,
 2 With painful ſteps in mire I tread, and deluges o'erſlow my head.
 3 With reſtleſs cries my ſpirits faint, my voice is hoarſe with long complaint;
 My ſight decays with tedious pain, whiſt for my God I wait in vain.
 4 My hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few, compar'd with ſoes that me purſue,
 With groundleſs hate, grown now of might, to execute their lawleſs ſpite,
 'They force me guiltleſs to reſign as rapine, what by right was mine.
 5 Thou, Lord, my innocence doſt ſee, nor are my ſins conceal'd from thee.
 6 Lord God of hoſts, take timely care, left for my ſake thy ſaints deſpair;
 7 Since I have ſuffered for thy name reproach, and hid my face in ſhame,
 8 A ſtranger to my country grown, nor to my neareſt kindred known;
 A foreigner, expos'd to ſcorn by brethren of my mother born.
 9 For zeal to thy lov'd houſe and name conſumes me like devouring flame,
 Concern'd at their affronts to thee, more than at ſlanders caſt on me.
 10 My very tears and abſtinence they conſtrue in a ſpiteful ſenſe: [make.
 11 When cloth'd with ſackcloth for their ſake, they me their common proverb
 12 Their judges make my wrongs their jeſts, thoſe wrongs they ought to have
 How ſhould I then expect to be from libels of lewd drunkards free? [redreſt!
 13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair for help with humble timely pray'r:
 Relieve me from thy mercy's ſtore, diſplay thy truth's preſerving pow'r.
 14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve, and from the mire my feet retrieve;
 From ſpiteful ſoes in ſafety keep, and ſnatch me from the raging deep.
 15 Control the deluge e'er it ſpread, and roll its waves above my head;
 Nor deep deſtruction's yawning pit to cloſe her jaws on me permit.
 16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make, for thy tranſcending goodneſs ſake;
 Relieve thy ſupplicant once more from thy abounding mercy's ſtore.
 17 Nor from thy ſervant hide thy face; make haſte, for deſp'rate is my caſe;
 18 Thy timely ſuccour interpoſe, and ſhield me from remorſeleſs ſoes.
 19 Thou know'ſt what infamy and ſcorn I from my enemies have borne,
 Nor can their cloſe diſſembled ſpite, or darkeſt plots, eſcape thy ſight.
 20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart; I look'd for ſome to take my part;
 'To pity or relieve my pain, but look'd, alas! for both in vain.
 21 With hunger pin'd, for food I call, inſtead of food they give me gall;
 And when with thirſt my ſpirits ſink, they give me vinegar to drink.
 22 'Their table therefore to their health ſhall prove a ſnare, a trap their wealth;
 23 Perpetual darkneſs ſeize their eyes, and ſudden blaſts their hope ſurpriſe.
 24 On them thou ſhalt thy fury pour, till thy fierce wrath their race devour;
 25 And make their houſe a diſmal cell, where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
 26 For new afflictions they procur'd for him, who had thy ſtripes endur'd;
 And made the wounds thy ſcourge had torn to bleed afreſh with ſharper ſcorn.
 27 Sin ſhall to ſin their ſteps betray, till they to truth have loſt the way.
 28 From life thou ſhalt exclude their ſoul, nor with the juſt their names enrol.

PSALM LXX, LXXI.

29 But me, howe'er distress'd and poor, thy strong salvation shall restore :
 30 Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim, and celebrate with thanks thy name.
 31 Our God shall this more highly prize than herds or flocks in sacrifice ;
 32 Which humble saints with joy shall see, and hope for like redress with me :
 33 For God regards the poor's complaint, sets prisoners free from close restraint :
 34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their voices raise and all the world resound his praise.
 35 For God will Sion's walls erect ; fair Judah's cities he'll protect,
 *Till all her scatter'd sons repair to undisturb'd possession there.
 36 This blessing they shall, at their death, to their religious heirs bequeath ;
 And they to endless ages more of such, as his blest name adore.

PSALM LXX.

O Lord, to my relief draw near, for never was more pressing need ;
 For my deliverance, Lord, appear, and add to that deliverance speed.
 2 Confusion on their heads return, who to destroy my soul combine ;
 Let them, defeated, blush and mourn, ensnar'd in their own vile design.
 3 Their doom let desolation be, with shame their malice be repaid,
 Who mock'd my confidence in thee, and sport of my affliction made.
 4 While those, who humbly seek thy face, to joyful triumphs shall be rais'd,
 And all who prize thy saving grace, with me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
 5 Thus wretched tho' I am and poor, the mighty Lord of me takes care,
 Thou, God, who only canst restore, to my relief with speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2 IN thee I put my steadfast trust, defend me, Lord, from shame :
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul, for righteous is thy name.
 3 Be thou my strong abiding place, to which I may resort ;
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ; thou art my rock and fort.
 4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men protect and set me free ;
 For, from my earliest youth 'till now, my hope has been in thee.
 6 Thy constant care didst safely guard my tender infant days ;
 Thou took'st me from my mother's womb to sing thy constant praise.
 7, 8 While some on me with wonder gaze, thy hand supports me still ;
 Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise my mouth shall always fill.
 9 Reject not then thy servant, Lord, when I with age decay,
 Forsake me not when, worn with years, my vigour fades away.
 10 My foes against my fame and me with crafty malice speak ;
 Against my soul they lay their snares, and mutual counsel take.
 11 His God, say they, forsakes him now, on whom he did rely :
 Pursue and take him, whilst no hope of timely aid is nigh.
 12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far, for speedy help I call ;
 13 To shame and ruin bring my foes, that seek to work my fall.
 14 But as for me, my steadfast hope shall on thy pow'r depend,
 And I in grateful songs of praise my time to come will spend.

The Second Part.

15 Thy righteous acts and saving health my mouth shall still declare ;
 Unable yet to count them all, tho' summ'd with utmost care.
 16 While God vouchsafes me his support, I'll in his strength go on ;
 All other righteousness disclaim, and mention his alone.
 17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth to praise thy glorious name ;
 And ever since thy wondrous works have been my constant theme.
 18 Then now forsake me not when I am grey and feeble grown,
 'Till I to these, and future times, thy strength and pow'r have shown.
 19 How high thy justice soars, O God ! how great and wondrous are
 The mighty works which thou hast done ! who may with thee compare ?
 20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd, thy grace shall yet relieve ;
 And from the lowest depth of woe with tender care retrieve.
 21 Thro' thee, my time to come shall be, with pow'r and greatness crown'd,
 And me, who dismal years have pass'd, thy comforts shall surround.
 22 Therefore with plattery and harp thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;
 To thee, the God of Jacob's race, my voice in anthems raise.
 23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs employ my cheerful voice ;
 My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd, shall in thy strength rejoice.
 24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts shall all the day proclaim ;
 Because thou didst confound my foes, and brought'st them all to shame.

PSALM LXXII, LXXIII.

PSALM LXXII.

LORD, let thy just decrees the king
 And let his son throughout his reign,
 2 So shall he fill thy people judge
 Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
 3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth the happy fruits of peace,
 Which all the land shall own to be the work of righteousness;
 4 Whilst he the poor and needy race shall rule with gentle sway;
 And from their humble necks shall take oppressive yokes away.
 5 In ev'ry heart thy awful fear shall then be rooted fast,
 As long as sun and moon endure, or time itself shall last.
 6 He shall descend like rain that cheers the meadows second birth,
 Or like warm show'rs, whose gentle drops refresh the thirsty earth.
 7 In his blest days the just and good shall be with favour crown'd,
 The happy land shall every where with endless peace abound.
 8 His uncontrol'd dominion shall from sea to sea extend,
 Begin at proud Euphrate's streams, at nature's limits end.
 9 To him the savage nations round shall bow their servile heads;
 His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust, where he his conquest spreads
 10 The king of Tarsish, and the isles, shall costly presents bring;
 From spicy Sheba gifts shall come, and wealthy Saba's king.
 11 To him shall ev'ry king on earth his humble homage pay,
 And diff'rent nations gladly join, to own his righteous way.
 12 For he shall set the needy free, when they for succour cry,
 Shall save the helpless and the poor, and all their wants supply.

The Second Part.

13 His providence for needy souls shall due supplies prepare;
 And over their defenceless lives shall watch with tender care.
 14 He shall preserve and keep their souls from fraud and rapine free,
 And in his sight their guiltless blood of mighty price shall be.
 15 Therefore shall God his life and reign to many years extend,
 Whilst eastern princes tribute pay, and golden presents send.
 For him shall constant pray'rs be made thro' all his prosp'rous days;
 His just dominion shall afford a lasting theme of praise.
 16 Of useful grain, thro' all the land, great plenty shall appear;
 A handful sown on mountain tops a mighty crop shall bear.
 Its fruit, like cedars shook by winds, a rattling noise shall yield;
 The city too shall thrive, and vie for plenty with the field.
 17 The mem'ry of his glorious name thro' endless years shall run;
 His spotless fame shall shine as bright and lasting as the sun.
 In him the nations of the world shall be completely blest'd,
 And his unbounded happiness by ev'ry tongue confess'd.
 18 Then blest'd be God, the mighty Lord, the God whom Israel fears;
 Who only wond'rous in his works, beyond compare appears.
 19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd; for ever blest his name;
 Whilst to his praise the list'ning world their glad assent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain that God will to his saints be kind;
 That all whose hearts be pure and clean shall his protecting favour find.
 2, 3 'Till his sustaining truth I knew, my stagger'ing feet had almost fail'd;
 I griev'd the sinner's wealth to view, and envy'd when the fools prevail'd.
 4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend, and whilst they live are hale and strong;
 No plague or troubles them offend, which oft to other men belong.
 6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held, and rapine seems their robe of state;
 Their eyes stand out, with fatness swell'd, they grow beyond their wishes great.
 8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk, oppressive methods they defend;
 Their tongue thro' all the earth does walk, their blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.
 10 And yet admiring crowds are found, who servile visits duly make,
 Because with plenty they abound, of which their flatter'ing slaves partake.
 11 Their fond opinions they pursue, 'till they with them profanely cry,
 "How should the Lord our actions view, can he perceive who dwells so high?"
 12 Behold the wicked! these are they who openly their sins profess;
 And yet their wealth's increas'd each day, and all their actions meet success.

P S A L M LXXIV.

13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my heart, said I, and wash'd my hands from guilt in
if all the day oppress'd I lie, and every morning suffer pain. [vaine,
15 Thus did I once to speak intend; but, if such things I rashly say,
Thy children, Lord, I must offend, and basely should their cause betray.

The Second Part.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent, but found the case too hard for me;
'Till to the house of God I went, then I their end did plainly see.
18 How high foe'er advanc'd, they all on slipp'ry places loosely stand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall, cast down by thy avenging hand. [itroy'd;
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate! despis'd by thee when they're de-
As waking men with scorn do treat the fancies that their dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppress'd, my reins were rack'd with restles
So stupid was I, like a beast, who no reflecting thought retains. [pains;
23, 24 Yet still thy presence me supply'd, and thy right hand assistance gave:
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide, and then to glory me receive.
25 Whom then in Heav'n, but thee alone, have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none, that I besides thee can desire.
26 My trembling flesh and aching heart may often fail to succour me,
But God shall inward strength impart, and my eternal portion be.
27 For they that far from thee remove, shall into sudden ruin fall:
If after other Gods they rove, thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
28 But as for me, 'tis good and just that I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust, and will his wond'rous works declare.

P S A L M LXXIV.

WHY hast thou cast us off, O God!
O why against thy chosen flock
2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,
By thee redeem'd, and Sion's mount,
3 O come, and view our ruin'd state!
See how the foe with wicked rage
4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name, where late
'The heathen there, with haughty pomp,
5, 6 Those curious carvings, which did once
With ax and hammer they destroy,
7 Thy holy temple they have burnt;
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
8 Thy worship wholly to destroy
And all the sacred places burn'd
9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'ft
We have no prophet now, that knows
wilt thou no more return?
does thy fierce anger burn?
the land that is thy own;
where once thy glory shone.
how long our troubles last!
has laid thy temple waste!
thy zealous servants pray'd;
their banners have display'd.
advance the artist's fame,
like works of vulgar frame.
and what escap'd the flame
tho' sacred to thy name.
maliciously they aim'd;
where we thy praise proclaim'd.
no tender signs to send;
when this sad state shall end.

The Second Part.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit th' insulting foe to boast?
Shall all the honour of thy name for evermore be lost?
11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand, and on thy patient breast,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth, so calmly lett'st it rest?
12 Thou heretofore, with kingly power, in our defence hast fought;
For us, throughout the wand'ring world, hast great salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that did'st the sea with thy own strength divide;
Thou break'st the wat'ry monster's head, the waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.
14 The greatest, fiercest of them all, that seem'd the deep to sway;
Was by thy pow'r destroy'd, and made to savage beasts a prey.
15 Thou clay'st the solid rock, and mad'st the waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'st thro' parting streams thy wond'ring people go.
16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine the black return of night;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun, and ev'ry feebler light;
17 By thee the borders of the earth in perfect order stand;
The Summer's warmth, and Winter's cold attend on thy command.

The Third Part.

18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes have daily urg'd our shame;
And how the foolish people have blasphem'd thy holy name.
19 O free thy mourning turtle dove, by sinful crouds beset;
Nor the assembly of the poor for evermore forget.

20 Thy

P S A L M LXXV, LXXVI, LXXVII.

20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard,
For now each corner of the land
21 O let not the oppress'd return
But let the helpless and the poor
22 Arise, O God, in our behalf,
Remember how insulting fools
23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes
Whose insolence, if unchastis'd,

and make thy promise good;
is fill'd with men of blood.
with sorrow cloath'd and shame;
for ever praise thy name.
thy cause and ours maintain;
each day thy name profane!
for ever, Lord, to cease;
will more and more increase.

P S A L M LXXV.

TO thee, O God, we render praise,
For, that thy name to us is nigh,
2 In Israel when my throne is fix'd,
3 The land with discord shakes, but I
4 Deluded wretches I advis'd
And warn'd bold sinners, that they should
5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn
6 For that promotion, which to gain
From neither east nor west, nor yet
7 For God the great disposer is,
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts
8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup,
The deadly mixture, which his wrath
Of this his saints sometimes may taste;
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd
9 His prophet, I to all the world
The justice then of Jacob's God
10 The wicked's pride I will reduce,
Exalt the just, and set him high

to thee with thanks repair;
thy wond'rous works declare.
with me shall justice reign;
the sinking frame sustain.
their errors to redress,
their swelling pride suppress.
no pow'r could yours restrain;
to speak with less disdain.
your vain ambition strives,
from southern climes arrives.
and sov'reign judge alone,
the humble to a throne.
with purple wine 'tis crown'd;
deals out to nations round.
but wicked men shall squeeze
to drink the very lees.
this message will relate;
my song shall celebrate.
their cruelty disarm;
above the reach of harm.

P S A L M LXXVI.

IN Judah the Almighty's known, (Almighty there by wonders shown)
His name in Jacob does excel:
2 His sanctuary in Salem stands; the majesty that Heav'n commands,
In Zion condescends to dwell.
3 He brake the bow and arrows there, the shield, the temper'd sword and spear,
There slain the mighty army lay;
4 Whence Zion's fame through earth is spread, of greater glory, greater dread,
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.
5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil, themselves met there a shameful foil;
Securely down to sleep they lay:
But wak'd no more; their stoutest band ne'er lifted one resisting hand
Gainst his, that did their legions slay.
6 When Jacob's God began to frown, both horse and charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless night. [appear,
7 When thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere, dost once with wrathful look
What mortal pow'r can stand thy sight? [thou didst come.
8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its doom; grew hush'd with fear, when
9 The meek with justice to restore;
10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise; its last attempts but serves to raise
The triumphs of almighty pow'r.
11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations; bring vow'd presents to th' eternal king;
Thus to his name due reverence pay;
12 Who proudest potentates can quell, to earthly kings more terrible,
Than to their trembling subjects they.

P S A L M LXXVII.

TO God I cry'd, who to my help
2 In trouble's dismal day I fought
All night my fest'ring wound did run,
My soul no comfort would admit,
3 I thought on God, and favours past,
I found my spirit more oppress'd,
4 Thro' ev'ry watch of tedious night
My grief is swell'd to that excess,

did graciously repair;
my God with humble pray'r.
no med'cine gave relief;
my soul indulg'd her grief.
but that increas'd my pain;
the more I did complain.
thou keep'st my eyes awake;
I sigh, but cannot speak.

5 I call

P S A L M LXXVIII.

5 I call to mind the days of old,
 Those famous years of ancient times,
 6 By night I recollect my songs
 Then search, consult, and ask my heart,
 7 Has God for ever cast us off?
 8 Are both his mercy and his truth
 9 Can his long-practis'd love forget
 Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
 10 I said my weakness hints these fears,
 I'll yet remember the most high,
 11 I'll call to mind his works of old,
 12 On them my heart shall meditate,
 13 Safe lodg'd from human search on high,
 Who is so great a God as ours?
 14 Long since the God of wonders thee
 15 Long since has thou thy chosen seed
 16 When thee, O God, the waters saw,
 The troubled depths themselves, for fear,
 17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending
 Thy arrows all abroad were sent,
 18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn,
 Whilst all the lower world
 With lightnings blaz'd; Earth shook, and seem'd
 From her foundations hurl'd.
 19 Thro' rolling streams thou find'st thy way,
 thy paths in waters lie;
 Thy wond'rous passage, where no fight
 thy footsteps can descry.
 20 Thou led'st thy people like a flock
 safe thro' the desert land,
 By Moses, their meek skilful guide,
 and Aaron's sacred hand.

P S A L M LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my people, to my law
 Let the instruction of my mouth
 2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
 Dark oracles, but understood,
 3 Which we from sacred registers
 And our forefathers pious care
 4 We will not hide them from our sons;
 The praises of the Lord; whose strength
 5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd,
 With charge to be from age to age,
 6 That generations yet to come
 Religiously transmit the fame,
 7 To teach them, that in God alone
 That they should ne'er his works forget,
 8 Left, like their fathers, they might prove
 False-hearted, fickle to their God,
 9 Such were revolting Ephraim's sons,
 And skilful archers, arm'd with bows,
 10, 11 They falsify'd their league with God
 Forgot his works and miracles
 12 Nor wonders which their fathers saw,
 Prodigious things in Egypt done,
 13 He cuts the seas to let them pass,
 While pil'd in heaps, on either side,
 14 A wond'rous pillar led them on,
 A sheit'ring cloud it prov'd by day,
 15 When drought oppress'd them where no stream
 the wilderness supply'd,
 He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast
 16 Streams from the solid rock he brought,
 which down in rivers fell,
 That, travelling with their camp, each day
 renew'd the miracle.
 17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,
 provoking the most high;
 In that same desert where he did
 their fainting souls supply.
 18 They first incens'd him in their hearts,
 that did his pow'r distrust,
 And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want,
 but to indulge their lust.
 19 Then utt'ring their blaspheming doubts,
 "Can God, say they, prepare
 "A table in the wilderness,
 set out with various fare?
 20 "He smote the flinty rock, 'tis true,
 and gushing streams ensu'd;
 "But can he corn and flesh provide
 for such a multitude?"
 21 The Lord with indignation heard;
 from Heav'n avenging flame
 On Jacob fell, consuming wrath
 on thankless Israel came.

PSALM LXXVIII.

22 Because their unbelieving hearts
Nor trust his care, who had from Heav'n
23 Tho' he had made his clouds discharge
And, when earth fail'd, reliev'd their need
24 Tho' tasteful manna was rain'd down
Tho' from the stores of Heav'n they did
25 Thus man with angel's sacred food,
Not sparingly, for still they found
26 From Heav'n he made an east wind blow,
27 To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls
28 Within their trenches he let fall
And all around their spreading camp
29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave them leave their appetites to feast;
30, 31 Yet still their wanton lust crav'd on, nor with their hunger ceas'd.
But whilst in their luxurious mouths
The wrath of God smote down their chiefs and Israel's chosen slew.

The Second Part.

32 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford
33 Therefore thro' fruitless travels he
34 When some were slain the rest return'd
35 Own'd him the rock of their defence,
36 But this was feign'd submission all,
37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would
38 Yet, full of mercy he forgave,
But turn'd his kindled wrath aside,
39 For he remember'd they were flesh,
A murmur'ing wind that's quickly past,
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
In that same desert where he did
41 They tempted him by turning back,
When Israel's God refus'd to be
42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day
43 His signs in Egypt, wond'rous works
44 He turn'd their rivers into blood,
And rather chose to die of thirst,
45 He sent devouring swarms of flies,
46 Locusts and caterpillars reap'd
47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were broke,
48 Light'ning and hail made flocks and herds
49 He turn'd his anger loose and set
And, with their plagues, bad angels sent
50 He clear'd a passage for his wrath
The murrain on their firstlings seiz'd
51 The deadly pest from beast to man,
It slew their heirs, their eldest hopes,
52 But his own tribe, like folded sheep,
And them conducted like a flock
53 He led them on, and in their way
But march'd securely thro' those deeps,
54 Nor ceas'd his care till them he brought
And to his holy mount, the prize
55 To them the out-cast Heathen's land.
And in their foes abandon'd tents

his miracles belief;
consum'd their lives in grief.
to God with early cry;
their Saviour, God most high.
their heart their tongue bely'd;
firm in his league able.
nor did with death chastise;
or would not let it rise.
that could not long remain;
and ne'er returns again.
how oft his patience grieve,
their fainting souls relieve.
and wickedly repin'd,
by their desires confin'd.
that their redemption brought;
in Zoan's valley wrought.
that man and beast forbore,
than drink the putrid gore.
hoarse frogs annoy'd their soil;
the harvest of their toll.
with frost the fig-tree dies;
one gen'ral sacrifice.
no time for it to cease;
their torments to increase.
to ravage uncontrol'd;
in ev'ry field and fold.
from field to city came;
thro' all the tents of Ham.
he brought from their distress,
throughout the wilderness.
no cause of fear they found;
in which their foes were drown'd.
safe to his promis'd land,
of his victorious hand.
he did by lot divide;
made Israel's tribe reside.

The Third Part.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd
Nor would to practise his commands
57 But in their faithless father's steps
They turn aside, like arrows shot
58 For him to fury they provok'd
And with their graven images
59 When God heard this, on Israel's tribes
60 He quitted Shilo, and the tents
61 To vile captivity his ark,
62 His people to the sword he gave,
63 Destructive war their ablest youth
No virgin was to th' altar led,

the wrath of God most high;
their stubborn hearts apply.
perversely chose to go;
from some deceitful bow.
with altars set on high;
inflam'd his jealousy.
his wrath and hatred fell;
where once he chose to dwell.
his glory to disdain,
nor would his wrath restrain.
untimely did confound;
with nuptial garlands crown'd.

P S A L M LXXIX, LXXX.

64 In fight the sacrificer fell,
And widows, who their deaths should mourn,
65 Then, as a giant rous'd from sleep,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd,
66 He smote their hosts, that from the field
With wounds imprinted on their backs
67 With conquests crown'd, he Joseph's tents
68 But Judah chose, and Sion's mount
69 His temple he erected there,
While deep and fix'd, as that of earth,
70 His faithful servant David too
And from the sheep-folds him advanc'd
71 From tending on the teeming ewes,
His own inheritance, the tribes
72 Exalted thus the monarch prov'd
He fed them with an upright heart,
the priest a victim bled;
themselves of grief were dead,
whom wine had thoroughly warm'd,
and his proud foe alarm'd.
a scatter'd remnant came,
of everlasting shame.
and Ephraim's tribe forsook;
for his lov'd dwelling took.
with spires exalted high,
the strong foundations lie.
he for his choice did own,
to sit on Judah's throne.
he brought him forth to feed
of Israel's chosen seed.
a faithful shepherd still;
and guided them with skill.

P S A L M LXXIX.

BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts
Thy sacred house they have defil'd,
2 The mangled bodies of thy saints
Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts,
3 Quite thro' Jerus'lem was their blood
And none were left alive to pay
4 The neighbouring lands our small remains
And we a laughing stock are made
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
6 On foreign lands, that know not thee,
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush,
7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd
And to a barren desert turn'd
8 O think not on our former sins,
The utter ruin of thy saints,
9 Thou God of our salvation help,
So shall our pardon and defence
10 Let Infidels that, scoffing, say,
In vengeance, for thy slaughter'd saints,
11 Lord, hear the sighing pris'ner's moan,
Preserve the wretches, doom'd to die,
12 On them who us oppress let all
Make their confusion seven times more
13 So we thy people and thy flock,
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
have thy possession seiz'd;
thy holy city raz'd.
abroad unbury'd lay;
and rav'nous birds of prey.
like common water shed;
last duties to the dead.
with loud reproaches wound;
to all the nations round.
must we for ever mourn?
like fire, for ever burn?
thy heavy vengeance show'r;
that have not own'd thy pow'r.
on Jacob's chosen race;
their fruitful dwelling place.
but speedily prevent
almost with sorrow spent.
and free our souls from blame,
exalt thy glorious name.
where is the God they boast?
perceive thee to their cost.
thy saving pow'r extend:
from that untimely end.
our sufferings be repaid;
than what on us they laid.
shall ever praise thy name;
from age to age proclaim.

P S A L M LXXX.

O Israel's shepherd, Joseph's guide, our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou, that dost on the Cherubs ride, again in solemn state appear.
2 Behold, how Benjamin expects, with Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our deliv'rance, the effects of thy resistless strength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.
4 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey, how long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suffer'ing people pray, and to their pray'rs have no return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench our scanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirst we quench with streams of tears that largely flow.
6 For us the heathen nations round, as for a common prey contest;
Our foes with spiteful joy abound, and at our lost condition jest.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

The Second Part.

8 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land, and, casting out the heathen race,
Did'st plant it with thy own right hand, and firmly fix'd it in their place.
9 Before it thou prepar'd'st the way, and mad'st it take a lasting root;
Which, blest with thy indulgent ray, o'er all the land did widely shoot.

P S A L M LXXXI, LXXXII.

10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its shade, its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
 its branches to the sea were spread, and reach'd to proud Euphrate's streams.
 12 Why then hast thou its hedge o'erthrown, which thou hast made so firm and
 While all its grapes, defenceless grown, are pluck'd by those that pass along. [strong
 13 See how the brittle forest bear with dreadful fury lays it waste;
 Hark, how the savage monsters roar, and to their helpless prey make haste.

The Third Part.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray; thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
 From Heav'n thy throne, this vine survey and her sad state with pity view.
 15 Behold the vineyard made by thee, which thy right hand did guard so long;
 And keep that branch from danger free, which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
 16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey, and all its spreading boughs cut down.
 At thy rebuke they soon decay, and perish at thy dreadful frown. [wrong;
 17 Crown thou the king with good success, by thy right hand secur'd from
 The son of man in mercy blest, whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
 18 So shall we still continue free from whatsoe'er deserves thy blame;
 And, if once more reviv'd by thee, will always praise thy holy name.
 19 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou the lustre of thy face display;
 And all the ills we suffer now, like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

P S A L M LXXXI.

TO God, our never failing strength,
 And jointly make a cheerful noise
 2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
 your instruments of joy;
 Let psalteries and pleasant harps
 your grateful skill employ.
 3 Let trumpets at the great new moon
 their joyful voices raise,
 To celebrate th' appointed time, the solemn day of praise.
 4 For this a statute was of old, which Jacob's God decreed,
 To be with pious care observ'd, by Israel's chosen seed,
 5 'This he for a memorial fix'd, when freed from Egypt's land,
 Strange nations barb'rous speech we heard, but could not understand.
 6 "Your burden'd shoulders I reliev'd, (thus seems our God to say)
 Your servile hands by me were freed from lab'ring in the clay.
 7 "Your ancestors with wrongs oppress'd, to me for aid did call;
 With pity I their sufferings saw, and fed them free from all.
 8 "They fought for me, and from the cloud in thunder I reply'd;
 At Meribah's contentious stream their faith and duty try'd.

The Second Part.

8 "While I my solemn will declare, my chosen people hear;
 "If thou, O Israel, to my words wilt bend thy list'ning ear,
 9 "Then shall no God besides myself within thy coasts be found;
 "Nor shalt thou worship any God of all the nations round.
 10 "The Lord thy God am I, who thee brought forth from Egypt's land;
 'Tis I that all thy just desires supply with lib'ral hand.
 11 "But they, my chosen race, refus'd to hearken to my voice;
 "Nor would rebellious Israel's sons make me their happy choice."
 12 So I, provok'd, resign'd them up to ev'ry lust a prey,
 And in their own perverse designs permitted them to stray.
 13 O that my people wisely would my just commandments heed!
 And Israel in my righteous ways with pious care proceed!
 14 Then should my heavy judgments fall on all that them oppose,
 And my avenging hand be turn'd against their num'rous foes.
 15 Their enemies and mine should all before my foot-steps bend;
 But as for them, their happy state should never know an end.
 16 All parts with plenty should abound; with finest wheat their field
 The barren rocks, to please their taste, should richest honey yield.

P S A L M LXXXII.

GOD in the great assembly stands,
 In state surveys the earthly gods,
 2, 3 How dare you then unjustly judge,
 Defend the orphans and the poor,
 4 Protect the humble helpless man,
 And let him not become a prey
 5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
 Justice and truth, the world's support,
 where his impartial eye
 and does their judgments try.
 or be to sinners kind?
 let such your justice find.
 reduc'd to deep distress,
 to such as would oppress,
 but blindly rove and stray;
 thro' all the land decay.

P S A L M LXXXIII, LXXXIV.

6 Well then might God in anger say,
 "I've said ye are Gods, the sons and heirs
 7 "But ne'ertheless your unjust deeds
 "You all shall die like common men,
 8 Arise, and thy just judgment, Lord,
 And all the nations of the world

"I've call'd you by my name;
 of my immortal fame.
 to strict account I'll call;
 like other tyrants fall."
 throughout the earth display;
 shall own thy righteous sway.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God,
 Nor with consenting quiet looks
 2 For lo! the tumults of thy foes
 And they which hate thy saints and thee,
 3 Against thy zealous people, Lord,
 And to destroy thy chosen saints
 4 "Come let us cut them off, say they,
 "That no remembrance may remain
 5 Thus they against thy people's peace
 And diff'rent nations, jointly leagu'd,
 6 'The Ishmaelites that dwell in tents,
 And Moab's sons our ruin vow,
 7 Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too,
 'The lords of Palestine, and all
 8 All these the strong Assyrian king
 Who with a pow'rful army aids

no longer silent be;
 our ruin calmly see!
 o'er all the lands are spread;
 lift up their threat'ning head.
 they craftily combine;
 have laid their close design.
 their nation quite deface;
 of Israel's hated race."
 consult with one consent;
 their common malice vent.
 with warlike Edom join'd,
 with Hagar's race combin'd.
 with Amalek conspire:
 the wealthy sons of Tyre:
 their firm ally have got,
 th' inextinguishable race of Lot.

The Second Part.

9 But let such vengeance come to them
 'To Jabin and proud Sisera,
 10 When thy right hand their num'rous host
 And left their carcases for dung
 11 Let all their mighty men the fate
 As Zebah and Zalmuna, so
 12 Who with the same design inspir'd,
 "In firm possession for ourselves
 13 'To ruin let them haste, like wheels
 Like chaff before the winds, let all
 14, 15 As flames consume dry wood or heath
 So let thy fierce pursuing wrath
 16, 17 Lord, shroud their faces with disgrace,
 Or them confound, whose harden'd hearts
 18 So shall the wond'ring world confess
 Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth

as once to Midian came;
 at Kishon's fatal stream.
 near Endor did confound,
 to feed the hungry ground.
 of Zeb and Oreb share;
 let all their princes fare.
 thus vainly boasting spake,
 let us God's houses take."
 which downwards swiftly move:
 their scatter'd forces prove.
 that on parch'd mountains grow,
 with terror strike thy foes.
 that they may own thy name;
 thy gentler means disclaim.
 that thou, who claim'st alone
 hast rais'd thy lofty throne.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 2 My longing soul faints with desire
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 3 The birds, more happy far than I,
 Securely there they build, and there
 4 O Lord of hosts, my king and God,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 5 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 6 Who pass thro' Baca's thirsty vale,
 'Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
 7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength, and still approach more near,
 'Till all on Zion's holy mount
 8 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
 Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
 9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
 On thy anointed servant look;
 10 For in thy courts one single day
 Than, Lord, in any place besides,
 11 Much rather in God's house will I
 Than in the wealthy tents of sin

how lovely is the place
 't the brightness of thy face!
 to view thy blest abode;
 for thee, the living God.
 around thine altar throng;
 securely hatch their young.
 how highly blest are they,
 and there thy praise display!
 their sure protection made;
 that to thy dwelling lead!
 yet no refreshment want;
 at their request dost grant.
 before their God appear.
 my just request regard;
 be still with favour heard.
 canst timely aid dispense;
 be thou his strong defence.
 'tis better to attend,
 a thousand days to spend.
 the meanest office take,
 my pompous dwelling make.

PSALM LXXXV, LXXXVI, LXXXVII.

12 For God, who is our sun and shield,
And no good thing will he withhold

13 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
Whose hope and trust securely plac'd,

will grace and glory give;
from them that justly live.

how highly blest is he,
is still repos'd on thee?

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, thou hast granted to thy land
And faithful Jacob's captive race
2, 3, Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd,
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,

4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts
That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints

7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
And, for thy wondrous mercies' sake,
8 God's answer patiently I'll wait,
(If they no more to folly turn)

9 To all that fear his holy name
And in its former happy state
10 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
Like kind companions absent long,

11, 12 Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst Heav'n shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
13 Before him righteousness shall march,
Whilst we his holy steps pursue,

the favours we implor'd;
has graciously restor'd;
and all their guilt defac'd;
nor thy fierce anger last.

to thy obedience turn;
thy wrath no more may burn.
and wrath so long retain?
thy wonted comfort gain.

which we have long implor'd;
thy wonted aid afford.
for he with glad success,
his mourning saints will bless.
his sure salvation's near;
our nation shall appear.
and righteousness with peace,
with friendly arms embrace.

PSALM LXXXVI.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Hear me distressed and destitute

2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,

4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
Of plenteous mercy to all those

6 To my repeated humble pray'r,
7 When troubled I on thee will call,

8 Among the gods there's none like thee,
To thee as much inferior they,

9 Therefore their great Creator thee,
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise

10 All shall confess thee great, and great
Confess thee God, the God supreme,

thy gracious ear incline;
of all relief but thine!
that does thy name adore;
relies on thee, restore.

thy mercy, Lord, extend;
on thee alone depend.
but prompt to pardon too;
who for thy mercy sue.

O Lord, attentive be;
for thou wilt answer me.
O Lord, alone divine!
as are their works to thine.
the nations shall adore,
to thy blest name restore.
the wonders thou hast done:
confess thee God alone.

The Second Part.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord; and I
In reverence to thy sacred name

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
And to thy everlasting name

13 Thy boundless mercies shewn to me
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul

14 O God, the sons of pride and strife
Regardless of thy pow'r that oft

15 But thou thy constant goodness did
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,

16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me

17 Some signal give, which my proud foes
When thou, O Lord, for my relief

from truth shall ne'er depart;
devoutly fix my heart.

praise thee with heart sincere,
eternal trophies rear.

transcend my pow'r to tell,
from lowest depths of Hell.
have my destruction sought,
has my deliv'rance wrought.

to my assistance bring;
thou everlasting spring!
to me thy servant show;
thy handmaid's son bestow.

may see with shame and rage,
and comfort dost engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

GOD's temple crowns the holy mount, the Lord there condescends to dwell;
2 His Zion's gates, in his account,
our Israel's fairest tents excel.

3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O city of th' almighty King!

4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise,
in Babylon's applauses join,
The fame of Ethiopia raise,
with that of Tyre and Palestine;

And grant that some amongst them born
their age and country did adorn.

5 But

P S A L M LXXXVIII, LXXXIX.

5 But still of Sion I'll aver, Th' Almighty shall that many such from her proceed;
6 His gen'ral list shall shew, when read, that such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.
7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd, of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice musicians skill'd, and (her transcending fame to crown)
Of such the shall successions bring, like waters from a living spring.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

TO thee, my God and Saviour, I by day and night address my cry;
2 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear, to my distress incline thine ear:
3 For seas of trouble me invade, my soul draws nigh to death's cold shade.
4 Like one whose strength and hopes are fled, they number me amongst the dead.
5 Like those who, shrouded in the grave, from thee no more remembrance have;
6 Cast off from thy sustaining care, down to the confines of despair.
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain, afflicting me with restless pain;
Me all thy mountain waves have prest, too weak, alas! to bear the least.
8 Remov'd from friends, I sigh alone, in a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A visit shall vouchsafe to me, cousin'd past hopes of liberty.
9 My eyes from weeping never cease, they waste, but still my griefs increase;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd, with out-stretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.
10 Wilt thou by miracle revive the dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
From death restore, thy praise to sing, whom thou from prison would not bring.
11 Shall the mute grave thy love confess? a mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness?
12 Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain, where darkness and oblivion reign?
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn; my pray'r prevents the early morn.
14 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook, nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious look?
15 Prevailing sorrows bear me down, which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors past distract my mind, and fears of blacker days behind.
16 Thy wrath has burst upon my head, thy terrors fill my soul with dread;
17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd, and for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
18 My lovers, friends, familiars all, remov'd from sight and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retir'd, dead, or at least to me expir'd.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song, my song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue thy never-failing truth shall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain, thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth, that does the Heav'ns sustain, like them shall stand for ever fast.
3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice, "With David I a league have made,
4 "To him my servant and my choice, my solemn oath this grant convey'd,
5 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure, thy seed shall in my sight remain;
6 "To them thy throne I will insure, they shall to endless ages reign."
7 For such stupendous truth and love both Heav'n and Earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above, and by assembled saints below.
8 What Seraph of celestial birth to vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the Gods of Earth with our Almighty Lord compare?
9 With reverence and religious dread his saints should to his temple press;
His fear thro' all their hearts should spread, who his almighty name confess.
10 Lord God of armies who can boast of strength or pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of such a num'rous faithful host, as that which does thy throne surround?
11 Thou dost the lawless seas control, and change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, thou mak'st the roaring billows sleep.
12 Thou break'st in pieces Rahab's pride, and didst oppressing pow'r disarm:
Thy scatter'd foes have dearly try'd the force of thy resistless arm.
13 In thee the sov'reign right remains, of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone,
The world and all that it contains, their maker and preserver own.
14 The poles on which the globe doth rest, were form'd by thy creating voice;
Tabor and Hermon, East and West, in thy sustaining pow'r rejoice.
15 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand, yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
16 Possess of absolute command, thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
17 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear, with thy most glorious presence crown'd.
18 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd, who on thy sacred name rely;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd, above thy foes be rais'd on high.
19 For in thy strength they shall advance, whose conquests from thy favour spring;
The Lord of hosts is our defence, and Israel's God our Israel's king.

P S A L M XC.

19 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice, "A mighty champion I will send;
 20 "From Judah's tribe have I made choice of one, who shall the rest defend.
 21 "My servant David I have found, with holy oil anointed him;
 22 "Him shall the hand support that crown'd and guard that gave the diadem.
 23 "No prince from him shall tribute force, no son of strife shall him annoy;
 24 "His spiteful foes I will disperse, and them before his face destroy.
 25 "My truth and grace shall him sustain; his armies, in well order'd ranks,
 26 "Shall conquer from the Tyrian main, to Tygris and Euphrate's banks.
 27 "Me for his father he shall take, his God and rock of safety call;
 28 "Him I my first-born son will make, and earthly kings his subjects all.
 29 "To him my mercy I'll secure, my cov'nant make for ever fast;
 30 "His seed for ever shall endure, his throne, 'till Heav'n dissolves shall last.

The Second Part.

30 "But if his heirs my law forsake, and from my sacred precepts stray,
 31 "If they my righteous statutes break, nor strictly my commands obey;
 32 "Their sins I'll visit with a rod, and for their folly make them smart;
 33 "Yet will not cease to be their God, nor from my truth like them depart.
 34 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke, but in remembrance fast retain:
 35 "The thing, that once my lips have spoke, shall in eternal force remain.
 36 "Once have I sworn, but once for all, and made my holiness the tie,
 37 "That I my grant will ne'er recall, nor to my servant David lie.
 38 "Whose throne and race the constant sun shall, like his course, establish'd see;
 39 "Of this my oath, thou conscious moon, in Heav'n my faithful witness be."
 40 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord, but thou hast now our tribes forsok;
 41 Thy own anointed hast abhor'd, and turn'd on him thy wrathful look.
 42 Thou seemest to have render'd void the cov'nant with thy servant made,
 43 Thou hast his dignity destroy'd, and in the dust his honour laid.
 44 Of strong-holds thou hast him bereft, and brought his bulwarks to decay;
 45 His frontier coast defenceless left, a public scorn and common prey.
 46 His ruin does glad triumphs yield, to foes advanc'd by thee to might;
 47 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd, his valour turn'd to shameful flight.
 48 His glory is to darkness fled, his throne is levell'd with the ground, [drown'd
 49 His youth to wretched bondage led, with shame o'erwhelm'd and sorrow
 50 How long shall we thy absence mourn? wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
 51 Shall thy consuming anger burn, 'till that and we at once expire?
 52 Consider, Lord, how short a space thou dost for mortal life ordain;
 53 No method to prolong the race, but loading it with grief and pain?
 54 What man is he that can control death's strict unalterable doom?
 55 Or rescue from the grave his soul, the grave that must mankind entomb? [seal,
 56 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless grace, the oath to which thy truth did
 57 Consign'd to David and his race, the grant which time shou'd ne'er repeal?
 58 See how thy servants treated are with infamy, reproach, and spite;
 59 Which in my silent breast I bear from nations of licentious might. [jest:
 60 How they, reproaching thy great name, have made thy servant's hope their
 61 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim, and ever sing, the Lord be blest.

Amen, Amen.

P S A L M XC.

O LORD, the saviour and defence of us thy chosen race,
 From age to age thou still hast been our sure abiding place.
 2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth, or th' earth and world didst frame,
 Thou always wert the mighty God, and ever art the same.
 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust, of which he first was made;
 And when thou speak'st the word, return, 'tis instantly obey'd.
 4 For in thy sight a thousand years are like a day that's past;
 Or like a watch in dead of night, whose hours unmind'd waste.
 5 Thou sweep'st us off, as with a flood, we vanish hence like dreams;
 At first we grow like grass that feels the sun's reviving beams;
 6 But howsoever fresh and fair its morning beauty shows,
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite, before the ev'ning close.
 7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd, and by thy wrath dismay'd:
 Our public crimes, and secret sins, before thy sight are laid;
 9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects, our drooping days we spend;
 Our unregarded years break off, like tales that quickly end.

P S A L M XCI, XCII.

10 Our term of time is seventy years,
But if, with more than common strength,
Yet then our boasted strength decays,
So soon the slender thread is cut,
an age that few survive;
to eighty we arrive;
to sorrow turn'd and pain;
and we no more remain.

The Second Part.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
That to true wisdom all our hearts
13 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
As we of our misdeeds do thou
14 To satisfy and cheer our souls
That we may all our days to come
15 Let happy times with large amends
Or equal at the least the term
16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
And to our offspring yet unborn
17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
The glorious work we have in hand
does, as he ought revere?
as more or less we fear.
of our short days to mind,
may ever be inclin'd.
and speedily relent!
of our just doom repent.
thy early mercy send:
in joy and comfort spend.
dry up our former tears;
of our afflicted years.
thy wond'rous work be known,
thy glorious pow'r be shown,
give thou our work success;
do thou vouchsafe to bless.

P S A L M XCI.

HE, that has God his guardian made,
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
2 Thus to my soul of him I'll say
My God, in whom I will confide.
3 His tender love and watchful care
shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence:
4 He over thee his wings shall spread,
and cover thy unguarded head:
His trust shall be thy strong defence.
5 No terrors, that surprise by night,
shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
6 Nor plague, of unknown rife, that kills
in darkness, nor infectious ills,
That in the hottest season slay.
7 A thousand at thy side shall die,
at thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains:
8 Thou only shalt look on and see
the wicked's sad catastrophe,
And count the sinner's mournful gains.
9 Because (with well-plac'd confidence) thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the highest doft rely:
10 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.
11 For he, throughout thy happy days,
to keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands: [thy feet,
12 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet with some rough stone to wound
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.
13 Dragons and asps that thirst for blood, and lions roaring for their food,
Beneath his conqu'ring feet shall lie;
14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me, therefore (says God) I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.
15 He'll call; I'll answer when he calls, and rescue him when ill befalls;
Increase his honour and his wealth:
16 And when, with undisturb'd content, his long and happy life is spent,
His end I'll crown with saving health.

P S A L M XCII.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
And with repeated hymns of praise
2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn
And of his constant truth each night
3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
4 For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord, thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad, and shout with cheerful voice.
5, 6 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord! how deep are thy decrees!
Whole winding tracks, in secret laid, no stupid sinner sees.

P S A L M XCIII, XCIV, XCV.

7 He little thinks when wicked men,
How soon their short liv'd splendor must
8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high
Who thought they might securely sin,
10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign pow'r,
And with refreshing oil anoint'st
11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes
And hear the dismal end of those
12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
As cedars that in Lebanon
13, 14 These, planted in the house of God,
Their vigour and their lustre both
15 'Thus will the Lord his justice shew,
Shall due rewards to all the world

like grass looks fresh and gay,
for ever pass away.
and all thy lofty foes,
shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.
and mak'st it largely spread;
my consecrated head.
to utter ruin brought;
who have against me fought,
shall make a glorious show;
in stately order grow.
within his courts shall thrive;
shall in old age revive.
and God, my strong defence,
impartially dispense.

P S A L M XCIII.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
But God above can still their noise,
5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
That happy station to secure,

the Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
and the vast fabric still sustains.
which shall no change or period see;
art God from all eternity.
and to the troubled waves on high;
and make the angry sea comply.
and they, that in thy house would dwell,
must still in holiness excel.

P S A L M XCIV.

1, 2 O God, to whom revenge belongs,
Arise, thou judge of all the earth,
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men
How long, their wicked actions boast,
5, 6 Not only they thy saints oppress,
The widow's and the stranger's blood,
7 "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,
Nor any notice of our deeds
8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants
In folly will you still proceed,
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,
Shall earth's great judge not punish those,
11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men,
His eye surveys them all, and sees

thy vengeance now disclose;
and crush thy haughty foes.
their solemn triumphs make?
and insolently speak?
but unprovok'd they spill
and helpless orphans kill.
(profanely thus they speak)
the God of Jacob take."
endeavour to discern;
and wisdom never learn?
or blind who fram'd the eye?
who his own will defy?
to him their hearts lie bare;
how vain their counsels are.

The Second Part.

12 Blest is the man whom thou, O Lord,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
13 This man shall rest and safety find
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
14 For God will never from his saints
His own possession and his lot
15 The world shall then confess thee just,
And those that chuse thy upright ways,
16 Who will appear in my behalf,
Or who, when sinners would oppress
17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept,
'To stay me when I slept; when sad,
20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,
Who make the law a fair pretence
21 Against the lives of righteous men
And blood of innocents to spill,
22 But my defence is firmly plac'd
He is my rock, to which I may
23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs
He in their sins shall cut them off;

in kindness dost chastise;
dost lovingly advise.
in seasons of distress:
that stubbornly transgress.
his favor wholly take;
he will not quite forsake.
in all that thou hast done;
shall in those paths go on.
when wicked men invade?
my righteous cause shall plead?
but that the Lord was near,
my troubled heart to cheer,
their sinful throne sustain,
their wicked ends to gain?
they form their close design;
in solemn league combine.
in God the Lord most high;
for refuge always fly.
on their on heads to fall:
our God shall slay them all.

P S A L M XCV.

O Come, loud anthems let us sing,
For we our voices high should raise,
2 Into his presence let us haste
To him address in joyful songs,

loud thanks to our almighty king,
when our salvation's rock we praise,
to thank him for his favors past:
the praise that to his name belongs.

P S A L M XCVI, XCVII.

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state, is, with unrival'd glory, great;
 A king superior far to all, whom by his title, God we call.
 4 The depths of Earth are in his hand, her secret wealth at his command;
 The strength of hills that reach the skies, subjected to his empire lies.
 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss by the same sov'reign right is his;
 'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand, that form'd and fix'd the solid land.
 6 O let us to his courts repair, and bow with adoration there,
 Down on our knees devoutly all, before the Lord our maker fall.
 7 For he's our God, our shepherd he, his flock and pasture sheep are we;
 If then you'll (like his flock) draw near, to-day if you his voice will hear;
 8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew your fathers' crimes and judgments too; in desert plains of Meribah!
 Nor here provoke my wrath, as they
 9 When thro' the wilderness they mov'd, and me with fresh temptations prov'd;
 They still, thro' unbelief, rebell'd, while they my wond'rous work beheld.
 10, 11 They forty years my patience griev'd, tho' daily I their wants reliev'd;
 'Then—'Tis a faithless race, I said, whose heart from me has always stray'd.
 12 They ne'er will tread my righteous path; therefore to them in settled wrath,
 Since they dispos'd my rest, I swear, that they shall never enter there.

P S A L M XCVI.

SING to the Lord a new-made song, let Earth in one assembled throng,
 Her common patron's praise resound.
 2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name, from day to day his praise proclaim,
 Who us has with salvation crown'd.
 3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse, his wonders to the universe.
 4 He's great and greatly to be prais'd; in majesty and glory rais'd
 Above all other deities:
 5 For pageantry and idols all are they whom Gods the Heathen call;
 He only rules who made the skies.
 6 With majesty and honour crown'd, beauty and strength his throne surround.
 7 Be therefore both to him restor'd, by you, who have false Gods ador'd,
 Ascribe due honour to his name:
 8 Peace off'rings on his altar lay, before his throne your homage pay,
 Which he, and he alone can claim.
 9 To worship at his sacred court let all the trembling world resort.
 10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns, whose pow'r the universe sustains,
 And banish'd justice will restore.
 11 Let therefore Heav'n new joys confess, and heavenly mirth let earth express,
 It's loud applause the ocean roar:
 It's mute inhabitants rejoice, and for this triumph find a voice.
 12 For joy let fertile vallies sing, the cheerful groves their tribute bring;
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,
 13 The Lord's approach to celebrate; who now sets out with awful state,
 His circuit thro' the earth to take:
 From Heaven to judge the world he's come, with justice to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCVII.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth in his just government rejoice;
 Let all the isles with sacred mirth in his applause unite their voice.
 2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade his dazzling glory shroud in state;
 Justice and truth his guards are made, and fix'd by his pavilion wait.
 3 Devouring fire before his face his foes around with vengeance struck;
 4 His light'ning set the world on blaze, Earth saw it, and with terror shook.
 5 The proudest hills his presence felt, their height nor strength could help afford;
 The proudest hills like wax did melt in presence of th' Almighty Lord.
 6 The Heav'ns, his righteousness to show, with storms of fire our foes pursu'd;
 And all the trembling world below have his descending glory view'd.
 7 Confounded be their impious host, who make the gods to whom they pray;
 All who of pageant idols boast, to him, ye gods, your worship pay.
 8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard, and Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd;
 Because thy righteous judgments, Lord, have Pagan pride and pow'r destroy'd.
 9 For thou, O God, art seated high, above Earth's potentates enthron'd;
 Thou, Lord, unrival'd in the sky, supreme by all the gods art own'd.
 10 You, who to serve this Lord aspire, abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
 He'll keep his servants' souls entire, and them from wicked hands redeem.

P S A L M XCVIII, XCIX, C, CI.

11 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
And gladness for the heart that's right;
12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord:
Deep in your faithful breasts record; and with your thankful tongues confess,

a future harvest for the just;
to recompence his pious trust.
memorials of his holiness

P S A L M XCVIII.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
With his right hand and holy arm
2 The Lord has thro' th' astonish'd world
And made his righteous acts appear
3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Wide Earth's remotest parts the power-
4 Let therefore Earth's inhabitants
And all with universal joy,
5 With harp and hymns soft melody
6 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
The Earth and her inhabitants
8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
And echoing vales from hill to hill
9 To welcome down the world's great judge,
And with impartial equity

who wond'rous things has done;
the conquest he has won.
display'd his saving might,
in all the Heathen's fight.
have ever mindful been;
of Israel's God have seen.
their cheerful voices raise,
resound their maker's praise.
into the concert bring,
before th' Almighty King.
with all that seas contain;
join concert with the main.
to spreading torrents they;
redoubled shouts convey;
who does with justice come,
both to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCIX.

JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
On cherubs' wings he sits enthron'd:
2 On Zion's hill he keeps his court,
Yet thence his sov'reignty extends
3 Let therefore all with praise address
And with his unresisted might
4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
His judgments are with righteousness
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
And with his unresisted might
6 Moses and Aaron thus of old
Amongst his prophets Samuel thus
Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
But, as with rev'rence they implor'd,
7 For with their camp, to guide their march,
They kept his laws, and to his will
8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft
And those, who rashly them oppos'd,
9 With worship at his sacred courts
For he, who only holy is,

the guilty nations quake;
let Earth's foundation shake.
his palace makes her tow'rs;
supreme o'er earthly pow'rs;
his great and dreadful name;
his holiness proclaim.
of strength and pow'r take place;
dispens'd to Jacob's race.
before his footstool fall;
his holiness extol.
amongst his priests ador'd;
his sacred name implor'd.
who ne'er their suit deny'd;
he graciously reply'd.
the cloudy pillar mov'd;
obedient servants prov'd.
his people for their sake;
did sad examples make.
exalt our God and Lord;
alone should be ador'd.

P S A L M C.

1, 2 WITH one consent let all the earth
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
We, whom he chooses for his own,
4 O enter then his temple gate,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
5 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His truth, which always firmly stood,

to God their cheerful voices raise,
and sing before him songs of praise;
from whom both we and all proceed;
the flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
thence to his courts devoutly press,
and still his name with praises blest.
his mercy is for ever sure;
to endless ages shall endure.

P S A L M CI.

OF mercy's never-failing spring,
And, since they both to thee belong,
2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
With blameless life myself I'll make
3 No ill design will I pursue,
4 Who to reproof bears no regard,
5 The private slanderer shall be
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,
6 But Honesty, call'd from her cell,
Who Virtue's practice make their care,

and steadfast judgment I will sing;
to thee, O Lord, address my song.
wise discipline my reign shall guide;
a pattern for my court to take.
nor those my favourites make that do
him will totally discard.
in public justice doom'd by me:
and mortify the heart of pride.
in splendor at my court shall dwell;
shall have the first preferments there.

PSALM CII, CIII.

7 No politicks shall recommend
None e'er shall to my favour rise
8 All those, who wicked courses take,
Cut off, destroy, 'till none remain

his country's foe to be my friend:
by flatt'ring or malicious lies.
an early sacrifice I'll make;
God's holy city to prophane.

PSALM CII.

WHEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
To thy eternal throne of grace
2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
Incline thine ear, and when I call
3 Each cloudy portion of my life
My shrivel'd bones are like a hearth,
4 My heart, like grass that feels the blast
Does languish so with grief, that scarce
5 By reason of my sad estate
My flesh is worn away, my skin
6 I'm like a pelican become,
Or like an owl, that sits all day
7 In watchings or in restless dreams,
As by those solitary birds
8 All day by railing foes I'm made
Who all possess'd with furious rage,
9 When grow'ling on the ground I lie,
My bread is strew'd with ashes o'er,
10 Because on me with double weight
For thou to make my fall more great,
11 My days just hast'ning to their end,
My beauty does like wither'd grass,
12 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works
13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view
For now her time is come, thy own
14 Her scatter'd ruins, by thy saints
They grieve to see her lofty spires
15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord
When he shall Sion build again,
17, 18 When he regards the poor's request,
Our sons, for this recorded grace,
19 For God, from his abode on high,
The Lord from Heav'n, his lofty throne,
20 He listen'd to the captives moans,
And freed by his resistless pow'r
21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
And through the holy city sing
22 When all the tribes assembling there
And neighb'ring lands, with glad consent,
23 But e'er my race is run, my strength
He has, when all my wishes bloom'd,
24 Lord, end not thou my life, said I,
Thy years, from worldly changes free,
25 The strong foundations of the earth
Thy hands the beauteous arch of Heav'n
26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
And, like a garment often worn,
Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
But thou continu'st still the same,
28 Thou to the children of thy saints
Whole happy race, securely fix'd,

do thou, O Lord, attend;
let my sad cry ascend.
in times of deep distress,
my sorrows soon redress.
like scatter'd smoke expires;
that's parch'd with constant fires.
of some infectious wind,
my needful food I mind.
I spend my breath in groans;
scarce hides my starting bones.
that does in deserts mourn;
on barren trees forlorn.
the night by me is spent;
that lonesome roofs frequent.
the subject of their scorn;
have my destruction sworn.
oppress'd with grief and fears,
my drink is mix'd with tears.
thy heavy wrath does lie;
didst lift me up on high.
are like an ev'ning shade:
with waning lustre fade.
no length of time shall waste;
from age to age shall last.
with an unclouded face;
appointed day of grace.
with pity are survey'd;
in dust and rubbish laid.
all heathen kings shall fear;
and in full state appear.
nor slight their earnest pray'r;
shall his just praise declare.
his gracious beams display'd;
has all the earth survey'd.
he heard their mournful cry,
the wretches doom'd to die.
might celebrate his fame,
loud praises to his name.
their solemn vows address,
the Lord their God confess.
thro' his fierce wrath decays;
cut short my hopeful days.
when half is scarcely past;
to endless ages last.
of old by thee were laid;
with wond'rous skill have made.
they soon shall pass away;
shall tarnish and decay.
to thy command they bend;
nor have thy years an end.
shalt lasting quiet give,
shalt in thy presence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2 MY soul inspir'd with sacred love, God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove, and still thy grateful thanks express.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives, and after sickness makes thee sound;
From dangers he thy life retrieves, by him with grace and mercy crown'd.
5, 6 He with good things thy mouth supplies, thy vigour, eagle-like, renews;
No, when the guiltless sull'er cries, his foes with just revenge pursues.

P S A L M CIV.

7 God made of old his righteous ways
His works, to his eternal praise,
8 The Lord abounds with tender love,
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
9, 10 God will not always harshly chide,
And loves his punishments to guide
11 As high as Heav'n its arch extends
So much his boundless love transcends
12, 13 As far as 'tis from east to west,
Who with a father's tender breast
14, 15 For God, who all our frame surveys,
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
16, 17 Whilst they are nip'd with sudden blasts,
God's faithful mercy ever lasts
18 This shall attend on such as still
And who not only know his will,
19, 20 The Lord, the universal king,
To him ye angels, praises sing, in whose
Ye that his just commands obey, and hear and do his sacred will;
21 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay, who still what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let every creature jointly bless the mighty Lord; and thou my heart
With grateful joy thy thanks express, and in this concert bear thy part.

P S A L M CIV.

BLESS God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone possessest empire without bounds;
2 With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne eternal majesty surrounds.
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe, and glory for a garment take:
thy canopy of state to make.
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms his palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms the swift wing'd steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind, his ministers Heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd; all proud to serve their sov'reign's will.
5, 6 Earth on her centre fix'd he set, her face with waters overspread;
Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet, to lift above the waves their head.
7 But when thy awful face appear'd, th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard, and by their haste confess'd their dread.
8 Thence up by secret tracks they creep, and, gushing from the mountain's side,
Thro' vallies travel to the deep, appointed to receive their tide.
9 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds, the threat'ning furies to repel;
That they no more o'erpass the mounds, nor to a second deluge swell.

The Second Part.

10 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn, the sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting springs from ev'ry lawn surprise the vales with plenteous rills.
11 The fields tame beasts are thither led, weary with labour, faint with drought;
And asses, on wild mountains bred, have sense to find these currents out.
12 There shady trees from scorching beams yield shelter to the feather'd throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous streams return the tribute of their song.
13 His rains from Heav'n parch'd hills recruit, that soon transmit the liquid store;
'Till Earth is burden'd with her fruit and Nature's lap can hold no more.
14 Grass for our cattle to devour, he makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs for man's use, of various pow'r, that either food or physic yield.
15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine, to cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares,
Gives oil that makes his face to shine, and corn, that wasted strength repairs.

The Third Part.

16 The trees of God, without the care or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair as those in royal gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms the wand'rers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms protects the flock, her pious guest.
18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend, its tow'ring heights their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinth extend, where feeble creatures refuge take.
19 The Moon's inconstant aspect shows th' appointed seasons of the year;
Th' instructed Sun his duty knows, his hours to rise and disappear.
20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud, when forest-beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud to Providence, that sends them prey.
22 They range all night, on slaughter bent, 'till summon'd by the rising morn,
So skulk in dens, with one consent, the conscious ravagers return.

PSALM CV.

23 Forth to the tillage of his soil
Commencing with the sun his toil,
24 How various, Lord, thy works are found, for which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd, 'till Nature's hand can grasp no more.

The Fourth Part.

25 But still the vast unfathom'd main
Whose depths inhabitants contain
26 Full-freighted ships from ev'ry port
Leviathan, whom there to sport
27 These various troops of sea and land
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
28 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Thou, op'it thy hand, the universe,
29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face, the num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all Nature's race
30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth
Nature's restor'd, and Parent-Earth
31 Thus thro' successive ages stands,
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke, in darkness thro' the proudest hills.
33 In praising God, while he prolongs my breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my songs, sincere, as is in him my joy.
34 While sinners from Earth's face are huri'd, my soul, praise thou his holy name,
'Till with my song the list'ning world join concert, and his praise proclaim.

PSALM CV.

O Render thanks, and bless the Lord;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
Make them the theme of your discourse,
3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
And let their heart o'erflow with joy,
4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
And, where he's ever present, seek
5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
6 Know ye his servant Abr'am's feed,
7 He's still our God, his judgments still
8 His cov'nant he has kept in mind
Which yet for thousand ages more
9 First sign'd by Abr'am, next by oath
10 To Jacob and his heirs at law
11 That Canaan's land should be their lot,
12 But few in number, and those few
13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm,
14 Whilst proudest monarchs for their sakes, severely he reprov'd.
15 "These mine anointed are, said he,
"Nor treat the poorest prophet ill,
16 A dearth at last, by his command,
'Till corn, the chief support of life,
17 But his indulgent providence
Sold into Egypt, but their death
18 His feet with heavy chains were crush'd,
19 'Till God's appointed time and word
20 The king his sov'reign order sent,
Whom private malice had confin'd,
21 His court, revenues, realm, were all
22 His greatest princes to control,

invoke his sacred name;
his matchless deeds proclaim.
his wond'rous works rehearse;
and subject of your verse.
alone to be ador'd:
that humbly seek the Lord.
devoutly still implore:
his face for evermore.
keep thankfully in mind;
and laws to us assign'd.
and Jacob's chosen race,
throughout the earth take place.
for num'rous ages past;
in equal force shall last.
to Isaac made secure;
for ever to endure.
when yet but few they were;
all friendless strangers there.
securely they remov'd;
severely he reprov'd.
let none my servants wrong;
that does to me belong."
did through the land prevail;
sustaining corn did fail.
had pious Joseph sent,
who sold him to prevent.
with calumny his fame;
to his deliv'rance came.
and rescu'd him with speed;
the people's ruler freed.
subjected to his will:
and teach his statesmen skill.

The Second Part.

23 To Egypt then, invited guests,
And Jacob held by royal grant
24 Th' Almighty there with such increase
'Till with their proud oppressors they
half-famish'd Israel came;
the fertile soil of Ham.
his people multiply'd;
in strength and number vy'd.

PSALM CVI.

25 Their vast increase th' Egyptians hearts
 'Till they his servants to destroy
 26 His servant Moses then he sent,
 27 Empower'd with signs and miracles
 28 He call'd for darkness, darkness came,
 29 Each stream and lake, transform'd to blood,
 30 In putrid floods, throughout the land,
 From noisome fens set up to croak
 31 He gave the sign, and swarms of flies
 Whilst Earth's enliv'ned dust below
 32 He sent them batt'ring hail for rain,
 33 He smote their vines and forest plants,
 34 He spake the word and locusts came,
 They prey'd upon the poor remains
 35 From trees to herbage they descend;
 But, like the naked fallow-field,
 36 From fields to villages and towns
 One fatal stroke their eldest hopes
 37 He brought his servants forth, enrich'd
 And, what transcends all treasure else,
 38 Egypt rejoic'd in hopes to find
 Taught dearly now to fear worse ills,
 39 Their shrouding canopy by day,
 A fiery pillar all the night
 40 They long'd for flesh, with ev'ning quails
 From Heav'n's own granary, each morn,
 41 He smote the rock whole flinty break
 Whose flowing streams, where e'er they march'd,
 42 For still he did on Abr'am's faith
 43 He brought his people forth with joy,
 44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes
 To them in cheap possession gave
 45 That they his statutes might observe,
 For benefits so vast let us
 with jealous anger fir'd,
 by treach'rous arts conspir'd,
 his chosen Aaron too;
 to prove their mission true.
 Nature his summons knew;
 blood, the wond'ring fishes slew.
 the pest of frogs was bred;
 at Pharaoh's board and bed.
 came down in cloudy hosts;
 bred lice thro' all their coasts.
 and fire for cooling dew;
 and garden's pride o'erthrew.
 with caterpillars join'd;
 the storm had left behind.
 no verdant thing they spare;
 leave all the pastures bare.
 commission'd vengeance flew;
 and strength of Egypt slew.
 with Egypt's borrow'd wealth;
 enrich'd with vig'rous health.
 her plagues with them remov'd;
 by those already prov'd.
 a journeying cloud was spread;
 their desert marches led.
 he furnish'd ev'ry tent;
 the bread of angels sent.
 pour'd forth a gushing tide,
 the desert's drought supply'd.
 an ancient league reflect,
 with triumph his elect.
 from Canaan's fertile soil,
 the fruit of others toil.
 his sacred laws obey:
 our songs of praise repay.

PSALM CVI.

O Render thanks to God above,
 Whose mercy firm thro' ages past
 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 3 Happy are they, and only they,
 Who know what's right, not only so,
 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
 When thou return'st to set them free,
 5 O may I worthy prove, to see
 What the joyful choir may join.
 6 But ah! can we expect such grace,
 Who their misdeeds have acted o'er, and
 7 Ingrateful they no longer thought
 The Red-sea they no sooner view'd
 8 Yet he, to vindicate his name,
 To make his sov'reign pow'r be known,
 9 To right and left, at his command,
 Where firm and dry the passage lay,
 10 Thus rescu'd from their foes they were,
 11 Whose rage pursu'd them to those waves,
 12 The wat'ry mountains sudden fall o'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, host and all;
 This proof did stupid Israel move
 to own God's truth, and praise his love.

The Second Part.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot,
 14 But, lulling in the wilderness,
 15 Strong food at their request he sent,
 16 Yet still his saints they did oppose,
 17 But Earth, the quarrel to decide,
 Rath Dathan to her centre drew,
 18 The rest of those, who did conspire
 With all their impious train, became
 and for his counsel waited not;
 did him with fresh temptations press,
 but made their sin their punishment;
 the priest and prophet whom he chose.
 her vengeful jaws extended wide,
 with proud Abiram's factious crew.
 to kindle wild Sedition's fire,
 a prey to Heav'n's devouring flame.

P S A L M CVII.

19 Near Horeb's mount a calf they made, and to the molten image pray'd;
 20 Adoring what their hands did frame, they chang'd their glory to their shame.
 21 Their God and Saviour they forgot, and all his works in Egypt wrought;
 22 His signs in Ham's astonish'd coast, and where proud Pharaoh's troops were lost.
 23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd, but Moses in the breach appear'd;
 The saints did for the rebels pray, and turn'd Heav'n's kindled wrath away.
 24 Yet they his pleasant land dispis'd, nor his repeated promise priz'd;
 25 Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey, but when God said, go up, would stay.
 26, 27 This seal'd their doom, without redress to perish in the wilderness;
 Or else to be by Heathen's hands o'erthrown and scatter'd thro' the lands.

The Third Part.

28 Yet unreclaim'd, this stubborn race Baal-Peor's worship did embrace;
 Became his impious guests, and fed on sacrifices to the dead.
 29 Thus they persisted to provoke God's vengeance to the final stroke.
 'Tis come;—the deadly pest is come to execute their gen'ral doom.
 30 But Phineas, fir'd with holy rage, (th' Almighty's vengeance to assuage)
 Did, by two bold offenders fall, th' atonement make that ransom'd all.
 31 As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd, so Heav'n the zealots act approv'd;
 To him confirming, and his race, the priesthood he so well did grace.
 32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd, who Moses for their sakes reprov'd;
 33 Whose patient soul they did provoke, 'till rashly the meek prophet spoke.
 34 Nor, when posses'd of Canaan's land, did they perform their Lord's command,
 Nor his commission'd sword employ, the guilty nations to destroy.
 35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan crew, but, mingling, learnt their vices too;
 36 And worship to those idols paid, which them to fatal snares betray'd.
 37, 38 To devils they did sacrifice their children with relentless eyes,
 Approach their altars thro' a flood of their own sons and daughters' blood.
 No cheaper victims would appease Canaan's remorseless deities;
 No blood her idols reconcile, but that which did the land defile.

The Fourth Part.

39 Nor did these savage cruelties the harden'd reprobates suffice;
 For after their heart's lust they went, and daily did new crimes invent.
 40 But sins of such infernal hue God's wrath against his people drew;
 'Till he, their once indulgent Lord, his own inheritance abhor'd.
 41 He them defenceless did expose to their insulting Heathen foes;
 And made them on the triumph wait of those, who bore them greatest hate.
 42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd, their list of tyrants he increas'd,
 'Till they, who God's mild sway declin'd, were made the vassals of mankind.
 43 Yet, when distress'd, they did repent, his anger did as oft relent;
 But freed, they did his wrath provoke, renew'd their sins, and he their yoke.
 44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd, nor hear'd their wretched cries unmov'd;
 45 But did to mind his promise bring, and Mercy's inexhausted spring.
 46 Compassion too he did impart e'en to their foes obdurate heart,
 And pity for their sufferings bred in those, who them to bondage led.
 47 Still save us, Lord, and Israel's bands together bring from Heathen lands;
 48 Let Israel's God be ever blest, and ever triumph in thy praise.
 Let all his saints with full accord his name eternally confess'd:
 sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CVII.

TO God your grateful voices raise, who does your daily patron prove;
 And let your never ceasing praise attend on his eternal love.
 2, 3 Let those give thanks, whom he from bands of proud oppressing foes releas'd;
 And brought them back from distant lands, from north and south, and west and east.
 4, 5 Thro' lonely desert ways they went, nor could a peopled city find; [cast.
 'Till, quite with thirst and hunger spent, their fainting souls within them pin'd.
 6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear did they their mournful cry address;
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep distress.
 7 From crooked paths he led them forth, where all in the certain way did guide
 To wealthy towns of great resort, where all their wants were well supply'd.
 8 O then, that all the earth with me would God for this his goodness praise!
 And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays!
 9 For he from Heav'n the sad estate of longing souls with pity views;
 To hungry souls that pant for meat, his goodness daily food renews.

PSALM CVIII.

The Second Part.

10 Some lie, with darkness compass'd round, in Death's uncomfortable shade;
And, with unwieldy fetters bound, by pressing cares more heavy made:
11, 12 Because God's counsels they defy'd, and lightly priz'd his holy word,
With these afflictions they were try'd; they fell, and none could help afford.
13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep distress.
14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night, and shades as black as Death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light, and welcome liberty bestow'd.
15 O then, that all the earth with me would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays!
16 For he with his almighty hand, the gates of brass in pieces broke;
Nor could the massy bars withstand, or temper'd steel resist his stroke.

The Third Part.

17 Remorseless wretches, void of sense, with bold transgressions God defy;
And for their multiply'd offence oppress with sore diseases lie:
18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear, abhors to take the choicest meats,
And they by faint degrees draw near to Death's inhospitable gates.
19 Then straight to God's indulgent ear, do they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, and frees them from their deep distress.
20 He all their sad distempers heals, his word both health and safety gives;
And, when all human succour fails, from near destruction them retrieves.
21 O then, that all the earth, with me, would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays!
22 With off'rings let his altar flame, whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy name for all his acts of wonder bleiss.

The Fourth Part.

23, 24 They that in ships, with courage bold, o'er swelling waves their trade pur-
Do God's amazing works behold, and in the deep his wonders view. [Luc,
25 No sooner his command is past, but forth a dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste, and makes the stormy billows rise.
26 Sometimes the ships, toss'd up to Heav'n, on tops of mountain-waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driven, whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.
27 They reel and stagger to and fro, like men with fumes of wine oppress;
Nor do the skilful seamen know which way to steer, what course is best.
28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear they do their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, and frees them from their deep distress.
29, 30 He does the raging storm appease, and makes the billows calm and still:
With joy they see their fury cease, and their intended course fulfil.
31 O then, that all the earth, with me, would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays.
32 Let them, where all the tribes resort, advance to Heav'n his glorious name,
And, in the elders sov'reign court, with one consent his praise proclaim.

The Fifth Part.

33, 34 A fruitful land, where streams abound, God's just revenge, if people sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground, to punish those that dwell therein. [wells,
35, 36 The parch'd and desert heath he makes to flow with streams and springing
Which for his lot the hungry takes, and in strong cities safely dwells.
37, 38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants, which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants, his fruitful seed or stock decay.
39 But when his sins Heav'n's wrath provoke, his health and substance fade away;
He feels th' oppressors galling yoke, and is of grief the wretched prey. [throne;
40 The prince, that slights what God commands, expos'd to scorn, must quit his
And over wild and desert lands, where no path offers, stray alone.
41 Whilst God, from all affliction cares, sets up the humble man on high;
And makes in time his num'rous heirs with his increasing flock to vie;
42, 43 Then sinners shall have nought to say, the just a decent joy shall show;
The wise these strange events shall weigh, and thence God's goodness fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

O God, my heart is fully bent to magnify thy name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise shall celebrate thy fame.
2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp, thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy prevent the dawning day.

P S A L M CIX.

3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
And to those nations sing thy praise,
4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
And let the world with one consent,
6 That all thy chosen people thee
Let thy right hand protect me still,
7 Since God himself has said the word,
With joy I Sichem shall divide,
8 Gilead is mine, Manasseh too,
Their strength my regal pow'r supports,
9 Moab I'll make my servile drudge,
And thro' the proud Philistine lands
10 By whose support and aid shall I
Who will my troops securely lead
11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms,
And wilt not thou of these our hoists
12 O to thy servants in distress
For vain it is on human aid
13 Then valiant acts shall we perform
For God it is, and God alone,

thy wonders I will tell;
that round about us dwell:
the highest Heav'n transcends;
thy faithful truth extends.
above the starry frame;
confess thy glorious name.
their Saviour may declare,
and answer thou my pray'r.
whose promise cannot fail,
and measure Succoth's vale:
and Ephraim owns my cause;
and Judah gives my laws.
on vanquish'd Edom tread;
my conqu'ring banners spread.
their well-fenc'd city gain?
thro' Edom's guarded plain?
which late thou didst forsake;
once more the guidance take!
thy speedy succour send;
for safety to depend.
if thou thy pow'r disclose;
that treads down all our foes.

P S A L M CIX.

O God, whose former mercies make
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
2 For sinful men with lying lips,
And with their study'd flanders seek
3 Their restless hatred prompts them still
And all against my life combine,
4 Those, whom with tend'rest love I us'd,
Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
5 Since mischief, for the good I did,
And hatred's the return they make
6 Their guilty leader shall be made
And, when he's try'd, his mortal foe
7 His guilt, when sentence is pronounc'd,
Whilst his rejected pray'r but serves
8 He, snatch'd by some untimely fate,
Another by divine decree
9, 10 His seed shall orphans be, his wife
His vagrant children beg their bread,
11 His ill-got riches shall be made
The fruit of all his toil shall be
12 None shall be found, that to his wants
Or to his helpless orphan feed
13 A swift destruction soon shall seize
And the next age his hated name
14 The vengeance of his father's sins
God on his mother's crimes shall think,
15 All these in horrid order rank'd,
'Till his fierce anger quite cuts off

my constant praise thy due,
with wonted favour view.
deceitful speeches frame,
to wound my spotless fame.
malicious lies to spread;
by causeless fury led.
my chief opposers are;
resort to thee by pray'r.
their strange reward doth prove;
for undisturbed love:
to some ill man a slave;
for his accuser have.
shall meet a dreadful fate;
his crimes to aggravate.
shan't live out half his days;
shall on his office seize.
a widow plung'd in grief;
where none can give relief.
to usurers a prey;
by strangers borne away.
their mercy will extend,
the least assistance lend.
on his unhappy race;
shall utterly deface.
upon his head shall fall;
and punish him for all.
before the Lord shall stand,
their mem'ry from the land.

The Second Part.

16 Because he never mercy show'd,
And sought to slay the helpless man,
17 Therefore the curse he lov'd to vent
And blessing, which he still abhor'd,
18 Since he in cursing took such pride,
Thro' all his veins, and stick like oil,
19 This, like a poison'd robe, shall still
Or an envenom'd belt from which
20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those,
That with malicious false reports
21 But for thy glorious name, O God,
And, for thy gracious mercy's sake,

but still the poor oppress'd;
with heavy woes distress'd.
shall his own portion prove;
shall far from him remove.
like water it shall spread
with which his bones are fed.
his constant cov'ring be,
he shall be never free.
that ill to me design;
against my life combine.
do thou deliver me;
preserve and set me free.

P S A L M CX; CXI, CXII.

22 For I, to utmost straits reduc'd,
My heart is wounded with distress,
23 I, like an ev'ning shade, decline,
Like locusts, up and down I'm tolt,

am void of all relief;
and quite pierc'd thro' with grief.
which vanishes apace;
and have no certain place.

24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown weak,
All that behold me shake their heads,

and my body lank and lean;
and treat me with disdain.

26, 27 But for thy mercy's sake, O Lord,
'That all may see 'tis thy own act,

do thou my foes withstand;
the work of thy right hand.

28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless;
Of all that my destruction seek,

let shame the portion be
while I rejoice in thee.

29 My foe shall with disgrace be cloath'd,
His own confusion, like a cloak,

and, spite of all his pride,
the guilty wretch shall hide.

30 But I to God, in grateful thanks,

my cheerful voice will raise;

And where the great assembly meets,

set forth his noble praise.

31 For him the poor shall always find
And he shall from unrighteous dooms

their sure and constant friend;
their guiltless souls defend.

P S A L M CX.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake, "Till I thy foes thy foot-stool make,
Sit thou, in state, at my right hand;

2 "Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
"Subjected to thy just command.

3 "Thee in thy pow'r's triumphant day, the willing nations shall obey,
"And when thy rising beams they view,

"Shall all (redeem'd from error's night) appear as numberless and bright
"As crystal drops of morning dew."

4 The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain, that, like Melchisedech's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period know:

5 No proud competitor to sit at thy hand will he permit;
But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.

6 The sentenc'd Heathen he shall slay, and fill with carcases his way,
"Till he has struck Earth's tyrants dead;

7 But in the highway brooks shall first, like a poor Pilgrim, slack his thirst,
And then in triumph raise his head.

P S A L M CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise my soul her utmost pow'r shall raise,
With private friends, and in the throng of saints his praise shall be my song.

2 His works for greatness tho' renown'd, his wond'rous works with ease are found
By those, who seek for them aright, and in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame, and universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd thro' ages past, shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precepts he has us enjoin'd to keep his wond'rous works in mind,
And to posterity record, that good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide, has all his servants' wants supply'd;
And he will ever keep in mind his cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.

6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd, they saw his matchless pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd, and we their heritage possess'd.

7 Just are the dealings of his hands, immutable are his commands;
8 By truth and equity sustain'd, and for eternal rules ordain'd.

9 He sets his saints from bondage free, and then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same; holy and rev'rend is his name.

10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win, must with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill have they, who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII.

H A L L E L U J A H.

THAT man is blest, who stands in awe of God, and loves his sacred law;
2 His seed on earth shall be renown'd, and with successive honours crown'd.

3 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be an inexhausted treasury;
His justice, free from all decay, shall blessings to his heirs convey.

4 The soul, that's fill'd with Virtue's light shines brightest in Affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd, as well as just to all mankind.

5 His lib'ral favours he extends, to some he gives to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs, he saves by prudence in affairs.

6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round, unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

7 Ill tidings never can surprise his heart, that fix'd on God relies:
8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees the shipwreck of his enemies.

P S A L M CXIII, CXIV, CXV.

9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd his glory's future harvest sow'd;
 Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown, a temp'ral and eternal crown;
 10 The wicked shall his triumph see, and gnash their teeth in agony;
 While their unrighteous hopes decay, and vanish, with themselves, away.

P S A L M CXIII.

Y E saints and servants of the Lord, the triumphs of his name record;
 2 His sacred name for ever bleis.
 3 Where'er the circling Sun displays his rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.
 4 God thro' the world extends his sway, the regions of eternal day,
 But shadows of his glory are.
 5 With him, whose majesty excels, who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.
 6 Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view in highest Heav'n what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
 He takes the needy from his cell, advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.
 7 When childless families despair, he sends the blessing of an heir,
 To rescue their expiring name;
 Makes her that barren was to bear, and joyfully her fruit to rear;
 O then extol his matchless fame.

P S A L M CXIV.

W HEN Israel by the Almighty led (enrich'd with their oppressor's spoil)
 From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed from bondage in a foreign soil;
 2 Jehovah, for his residence, chose out imperial Judah's tent,
 His mansion royal, and from thence thro' Israel's camp his orders sent.
 3 The distant sea with terror saw, and from the Almighty's presence fled;
 Old Jordan's streams, surpris'd with awe, retreated to their fountain's head.
 4 The taller mountains skip'd like rams, when danger near the fold they hear;
 The hills skip'd after them, like lambs, affrighted by their leader's fear.
 5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw, and naked leave your oozy bed?
 Why, Jordan, against Nature's law, recoild'st thou to thy fountain's head?
 6 Why, mountains, did you skip like rams, when danger does approach the fold?
 Why after you the hills like lambs, when they their leader's sight behold?
 7 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear thy Lord and maker's face to see;
 When Jacob's awful God draws near, 'tis time for Earth and Sea to flee;
 8 To flee from God, who Nature's law confirms and cancels at his will;
 Who springs from flinty rocks can draw, and thirsty vales with water fill.

P S A L M CXV.

L ORD, not to us, we claim no share, but to thy sacred name
 Give glory for thy mercy's sake, and truth's eternal fame.
 2 Why should the Heathen cry, Where's now the God whom we adore?
 3 Convince them that in Heav'n thou art, and uncontrol'd thy power.
 4 Their gods but gold and silver are, the works of mortal hands;
 5 With speechless mouth, and sightless eyes, the molten idol stands.
 6 The pageant has both ears and nose, but neither hears nor smells;
 7 Its hands and feet nor feel, nor move, no life within it dwells.
 8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we can nothing like them find,
 But those who on their help rely, and them for gods design'd.
 9 O Israel make the Lord your trust, who is your help and shield;
 10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone, who only help can yield.
 11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord, on him they fear rely;
 Who them in danger can defend, and all their wants supply.
 12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been, and Israel's house will bless,
 Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all, who his great name confess.
 14 On you, and on your heirs, he will increase of blessings bring;
 15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are of this Almighty King!
 16 Heav'n's highest orb of glory, he his empire's seat design'd;
 And gave this lower globe of earth a portion to mankind.
 17 They who in death and silence sleep to him no praise afford;
 18 But we will bless for evermore our ever living Lord.

P S A L M CXVI, CXVII, CXVIII.

P S A L M CXVI.

MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
 Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
 2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
 But still in all the straits of life
 3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
 When troubles seiz'd my aching heart,
 4 On God's almighty name I call'd,
 "Lord, I beseech thee save my soul,
 5, 6 How just and merciful is God!
 Who saves the harmless, and to me
 7 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
 For God has wond'rously to thee
 8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd
 My feet from falling he secur'd,
 9 Therefore my life's remaining years,
 Will I in praises to his name,
 10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him
 (For in my flight all hopes of aid
 12, 13 'Then what return to him shall I
 I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal
 14, 15 I'll pay my vows amongst his saints,
 By wicked men) in God's account
 16 By various ties, O Lord, must I
 Thy humble handmaid's son before,
 17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise;
 The just performance of my vows
 19 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
 To bless thy name with one consent
 intirely is possesst,
 the voice of my request.
 I never will despair;
 to him address my pray'r.
 with pains of Hell oppress'd,
 and anguish rack'd my breast;
 and thus to him I pray'd:
 with sorrows quite dismay'd."
 how gracious is the Lord!
 does timely aid afford.
 resume thy wonted rest;
 his bounteous love express.
 my dangers and my fears:
 and dry'd my eyes from tears.
 which God to me shall lend,
 and in his service spend.
 in greatest straits did boast;
 from faithless men were lost.)
 for all his goodness make?
 the cup of blessing take.
 whose blood (howe'er dispis'd
 is always highly priz'd.
 to thy dominion bow;
 thy ransom'd captive now!
 and, whilst I bless thy name,
 to all thy saints proclaim.
 and in thy house shall join,
 and mix their songs with mine.

P S A L M CXVII.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
 Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
 'Then let the willing nations round
 to Heav'n their voices raise;
 sing solemn hymns of praise:
 his truth shall ne'er decay;
 their grateful tribute pay.

P S A L M CXVIII.

1, 2 **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,
 That his kind favours ever last,
 3, 4 Their sense of his eternal love
 And, that it never fails, let all
 5 To God I made my humble moan,
 And he releas'd me from my straits,
 6 Since therefore God does on my side
 Why should the vain attempts of men
 7 Since God with those that aid my cause
 'To all my foes I need not doubt
 8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God,
 Than on the greatest human pow'r
 10, 11 Tho' many nations, closely leagu'd,
 Yet, by his boundless pow'r sustain'd,
 12 They swarm'd like bees, and yet their rage
 For whilst on God I still rely'd,
 13 When all united press'd me hard,
 'The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part,
 14 'The honour of my strange escape
 He is my Saviour and my strength,
 15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
 For wond'rous things are brought to pass
 16 He, by his own resistless pow'r,
 'The saving strength of his right hand
 17 God will not suffer me to fall,
 'That, by declaring all his works,
 18 When God has sorely me chastis'd,
 His mercy from the gates of death
 his mercies ne'er decay;
 let thankful Israel say.
 let Aaron's house express;
 that fear the Lord confess.
 with troubles quite oppress'd;
 and granted my request.
 so graciously appear,
 possess my soul with fear?
 vouchsafes my part to take,
 a just return to make.
 and have the Lord our friend,
 for safety to depend.
 did oft beset me round;
 I did their strength confound.
 was but a short-liv'd blaze;
 I vanquish'd them with ease.
 in hopes to make me fall;
 and sav'd me from them all.
 to him alone belongs;
 he only claims my songs.
 whom God has sav'd from harm;
 by his almighty arm.
 has endless honour won;
 amazing works has done.
 but still prolongs my days;
 I may advance his praise.
 'till quite of hopes bereav'd,
 my fainting life repriev'd.

PSALM CXIX.

19 Then open wide the temple gates
That I may enter in and praise
20, 21 Within those gates of God's abode
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
22, 23 That, which the builders once refus'd,
This is the wondrous work of God,
24, 25 This day is God's; let all the land
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
26 Him, that approaches in God's name,
"We, that belong to God's own house,
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Fast to the altar's horn with cords
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
Because thou only art my God,
29 O then, with me, give thanks to God,
And let the tribute of our praise

to which the just repair;
my great deliverer there.
to which the righteous press,
thy holy name I'll bless.
is now the corner stone;
the work of God alone.
exalt their cheerful voice:
and make us still rejoice.
let all th' assembly bless;
have wish'd you good success,"
both light and comfort find;
the chosen victim bind.
I'll praise thy holy name;
I'll celebrate thy fame.
who still does gracious prove;
be endless as his love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

HOW blest are they, who always keep
Who never from the sacred paths
2 Thrice blest, who to his righteous laws
And have with fervent humble zeal
3 Such men their utmost caution use
But in the path which he directs
4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
And all our diligence employ
5 O then, that thy most holy will
And I the course of all my life
6 Then with assurance should I walk,
Convinc'd with joy that all my ways
7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
O then forsake me not, my God,

the pure and perfect way!
of God's commandments stray!
have still obedient been!
his favour sought to win.
to shun each wicked deed;
with constant care proceed.
to learn thy sacred will;
thy statutes to fulfil,
might o'er my ways preside!
by thy direction guide!
from all confusion free;
with thy commands agree.
with cheerful praises fill;
I shall have learnt thy will.
all due observance pay;
nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways
By making still their course of life
10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
O suffer not my careless steps
11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
To succour me with timely aid,
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
O teach me then by thy just laws
13 My lips unlock'd by pious zeal,
How well the judgments of thy mouth
14 Whilst in the way of thy commands
Than had I been with vast increase
15 Therefore thy just and upright laws
And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st
16 To keep thy statutes undecay'd
The strict remembrance of thy word

from all pollution free!
with thy commands agree.
to thee for succour pray;
from thy right paths to stray.
thy word, my treasure, lies;
when sinful thoughts arise.
shall ever bless thy name;
my future life to frame.
to others have declar'd,
deserve our best regard,
more solid joy I found,
of envy'd riches crown'd.
shall always fill my mind;
all due respect shall find.
shall be my constant joy;
shall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,
That I, according to thy word,
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
The wondrous things which they behold,
19 Tho' like a stranger in the land,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
20 My fainting soul is almost pier'd,
Whilst always on the eager search
21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Since they to walk in thy right ways
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
For I thy sacred laws affect

do thou my life defend,
my time to come may spend.
that so I may discern
who thy just precepts learn.
from place to place I stray,
remove not thou away.
with earnest longing spent;
of thy just will intent.
whom still thy curse pursues;
presumptuously refuse.
contempt and shame remove;
with undisssembled love.

23 Tho'

PSALM CXIX.

23 Tho' princes oft in counsel met,
Yet I thy statutes to observe
24 For thy commands have always been
By them I learn, with prudent care,

against thy servant spake;
my constant business make.
my comfort and delight;
to guide my steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
26 To thee I still declar'd my ways,
O teach me then my future life
27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
The wond'rous works which thou hast done
28 But see, my soul within me links,
Do thou, according to thy word,
29 Far, far from me be all false ways,
But kindly grant I still may keep
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
31 My care has been to make my life
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
32 So in the way of thy commands
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy,

close to the dust does cleave:
thy promis'd aid receive.
who didst incline thine ear;
by thy just laws to steer.
and by their guidance walk,
shall be my constant talk.
press'd down with weighty care;
my wasted strength repair.
and lying arts remov'd!
the path by thee approv'd.
my happy choice I've made;
before me always laid.
with thy commands agree;
from shame and ruin free.
shall I with pleasure run,
successfully go on.

H E.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
And I from them thro' all my life,
34 If thou true wisdom from above
To keep thy perfect laws I will
35 Direct me in the sacred ways
Because my chief delight has been
36 Do thou to thy most just commands
Let no desire of worldly wealth
37 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
But give me lively pow'r and strength
38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
40 Thou know'st how after thy commands
O then make haste and raise me up,

thy righteous paths display;
will never go astray.
wilt graciously impart,
devote my zealous heart.
to which thy precepts lead;
thy righteous paths to tread.
incline my willing heart;
from thee my thoughts divert.
which this false world displays;
to keep thy righteous ways.
and give thy servant aid,
is awfully afraid.
in mercy, Lord, remove;
are full of grace and love.
my longing heart does pant;
and promis'd succour grant.

V A U.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To me, according to thy word,
42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
"In God I trust, who never will
43 Then let not quite the word of truth
Since still my ground of steadfast hope
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws,
From age to age my time to come
45 E're long I trust to walk at large,
Since I resolv'd to make my life
46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk;
Whilst I the justice of thy ways
47 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
When in thy lov'd commandments I
48 Then will I to thy just decrees
My care and business then shall be

to cheer my drooping heart;
thy saving health impart.
this ready answer make,
his faithful promise break."
be from my mouth remov'd;
thy just decrees have prov'd.
with all my study bend;
in their observance spend.
from all incumbrance free;
with thy commands agree.
and princes shall attend,
with confidence defend.
shall both o'erflow with joy;
my happy hours employ.
lift up my willing hands;
to study thy commands.

Z A I N.

49 According to thy promis'd grace,
Make good to me the word, on which
50 That only comfort in distress
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round, reviv'd my fainting soul.

thy favour, Lord, extend;
thy servant's hopes depend.
did all my griefs contrail;
thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round, reviv'd my fainting soul.

PSALM CXIX.

51 Insulting foes did proudly mock,
Yet from thy law not all their scoff
52 Thy judgments then, of ancient date,
I'll, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul
53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one
To think how all my sinful foes
54 But I thy statutes and decrees
Whilst thro' strange lands and deserts wild
55 Thy name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
I then resolv'd by thy just laws
56 That peace of mind, which has my soul
By strict obedience to thy will

and all my hopes deride;
could make me turn aside.
I quickly call'd to mind;
did speedy comfort find.
with deadly horrors struck,
have thy just laws forsook.
my cheerful anthems made;
I like a Pilgrim stray'd.
has fill'd my thoughts by night;
to guide my steps aright.
in deep distress sustain'd,
I happily obtain'd.

C H E T H.

57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou
Thy words I stedfastly resolve
58 With all the strength of warm desires
Disclose, according to thy word,
59 With due reflection and strict care
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
60 I lost no time but made great haste,
To watch, that I might never more
61 Tho' num'rous troops of sinful men
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
62 In dead of night I will arise
Convinc'd how much I always ought
63 To such as fear thy holy name
To all who their obedient wills
64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
O make me then exactly learn

and sure possession art;
to treasure in my heart.
I did thy grace implore;
thy mercy's boundless store.
on all my ways I thought;
my wand'ring steps I brought.
resolv'd, without delay,
from thy commandments stray.
to rob me have combin'd;
have ever kept in mind.
to sing thy solemn praise;
to love thy righteous ways.
myself I closely join;
to thy commands relign.
abundantly is shed;
thy sacred paths to tread.

T E T H.

65 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
66 Teach me the sacred skill, by which
Who in belief of thy commands
67 Before Affliction stopt my course,
But I have since been disciplin'd
68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
On me thy statutes to discern,
69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies
But my fix'd heart, without reserve,
70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous ills,
My soul can relish no delight
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
That I may duly learn and keep
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines

most graciously, O Lord;
according to thy word.
right judgment is attain'd,
have stedfastly remain'd.
my footsteps went astray;
thy precepts to obey.
and all thou dost is so;
thy saving skill bestow.
my spotless fame to stain;
thy precepts shall retain.
in sensual pleasures live,
but what thy precepts give.
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
the statutes of my God.
of more esteem I hold,
of silver and of gold.

J O D.

73 To me, who am the workmanship
The heav'nly understanding give
74 My preservation to thy saints
To see success attend my hopes,
75 That right thy judgments are, I now
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
76 O let thy tender mercy now
According to thy promise, Lord,
77 To me thy saving grace restore,
Whose soul can relish no delight
78 Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd
Who only on thy sacred laws
79 Let those that fear thy name espouse
Who have by strict and pious search
80 In thy blest statutes let my heart
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot

of thy almighty hands,
to learn thy just commands.
strong comfort will afford,
who trusted in thy word.
by sure experience see,
thou hast afflicted me.
afford me needful aid;
to me, thy servant, made.
that I again may live;
but what thy precepts give.
to ruin me have fought;
employ my harmless thought.
my cause, and those alone,
thy sacred precepts known.
continue always sound;
may never me confound.

PSALM CXIX.

C A P H.

81 My soul with long expectance faine	to see thy saving grace;
Yet still on thy unerring word	my confidence I place.
82 My very eyes consume and fail	with waiting for thy word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind relief	and promis'd aid afford?
83 My skin like shrivel'd parchment shows,	that long in smoke is set;
Yet no afflictions me can force	thy statutes to forget.
84 How many days must I endure	of sorrow and distress?
When wilt thou judgment execute	on them who me oppress?
85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me,	that have no other foes,
But such as are averse to thee,	and thy just laws oppose.
86 With Right and Truth's eternal laws	all thy commands agree;
Men persecute me without cause,	thou, Lord, my helper be.
87 With close designs against my life	they had almost prevail'd;
But in obedience to thy will	my duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,	my drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I	my life's whole course may steer.

L A M E D.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,	unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy word, establish'd in th' Heav'ns,	does all their orbs sustain.
90 Thro' circling ages, Lord, thy truth	immovable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st	by thy almighty hand.
91 All things the course by thee ordain'd	ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful subjects all,	and servants of thy will.
92 Unless thy sacred law had been	my comfort and delight,
I must have faint'd and expir'd	in dark Affliction's night.
93 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts	shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou, by them, hast to new life	restor'd my dying heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine,	protect me, Lord, from harm;
Who have thy precepts sought to know,	and carefully perform.
95 The-wicked have their ambush laid	my guiltless life to take;
But in the midst of danger I	thy word my study make.
96 I've seen an end of what we call	perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,	no change or period know.

M E N.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear	no language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain	my ravish'd thoughts all day,
98 Through thy commands I wiser grow	than all my subtle foes;
For thy sure word does me direct,	and all my ways dispose.
99 From me my former teachers now	may abler counsel take;
Because thy sacred precepts I	my constant study make.
100 In understanding I excel	the sages of our days;
Because by thy unerring rules	I order all my ways.
101 My feet with care I have refrain'd	from ev'ry sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might	entire obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy judgments stray'd,	by vain desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me	thy righteous paths to tread.
103 How sweet are all thy words to me;	O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul	than honey to my taste.
104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I	with heav'nly skill am blest;
'Thro' which the treach'rous ways of sin	I utterly detect.

N U N.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,	the way of truth to show;
A watch-light, to point out the path,	in which I ought to go.
106 I swear (and from my solemn oath	I'll never start aside)
That in thy righteous judgments I	will steadfastly abide.
107 Since I with griefs am so oppress'd,	that I can bear no more,
According to thy word do thou	my fainting soul restore.
108 Let still my sacrifice of praise	with thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,	instruct my willing mind.
109 'Tho' ghastly dangers me surround,	my soul they cannot awe;
Nor, with continual terrors, keep	from thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and inveterate foes	for me their snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path,	nor from thy precepts stray'd.

PSALM CXIX.

111 Thy testimonies I have made
For thy, when other comforts fail'd,
112 My heart with early zeal began
And, 'till my course of life is done,

my heritage and choice;
my drooping heart rejoice.
thy statutes to obey;
shall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices
But to thy law affection bear
114 My hiding place, my refuge tow'r,
I firmly anchor all my hopes
115 Hence ye that trade in wickedness,
For firmly I resolve to keep
116 According to thy gracious word,
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
To thy decrees continually
118 The wicked thou hast trod to earth,
Their vile deceit the just reward
119 The wicked from thy holy land
I therefore, with such justice charm'd,
120 Yet with that love they make me dread,
When on transgressors I behold

I utterly detest;
too great to be express'd.
and shield art thou, O Lord;
on thy unerring word.
approach not my abode,
the precepts of my God.
from danger set me free;
that I repose on thee:
and rescue'd from distress;
my just respect address,
who from thy statutes stray'd;
of their own falsehood made.
thou dost, like dross, remove;
thy testimonies love.
lest I should so offend,
thy judgments thus descend.

A I N.

121 Judgment and justice I have lov'd;
In my defence, nor give me up
122 Do thou be surety, Lord, for me,
Prove good for me; nor shall the proud
123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail,
'Till thy salvation they behold,
124 To me, thy servant in distress,
And discipline my willing heart
125 On me, devoted to thy fear,
That of thy testimonies I
126 'Tis time, high time, for thee, O Lord,
When men with open violence
127 Yet their contempt of thy commands
In my esteem, who purest gold
128 Thy precepts therefore I account,
They teach me to discern the right,

O therefore, Lord, engage
to my oppressor's rage,
and so shall this distress
my guiltless soul oppress.
in long expectation held,
and righteous word fulfill'd.
thy wonted grace display,
thy statutes to obey.
thy sacred skill bestow,
the full extent may know.
thy vengeance to employ,
thy sacred law destroy.
but make their value rise
compar'd with them despise.
in all respects, divine;
and all false ways decline.

P E.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain
Therefore, to learn and practice them
130 The very entrance to thy word
And knowledge of true happiness
131 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
That of thy wise commands I might
132 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
As thou art wont to visit those
133 Directed by thy heavenly word
Nor wickedness of any kind
134 Release, entirely set me free
That unobscured I may learn
135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy statutes both to know and keep
136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
To see mankind against thy laws

no words can represent;
my zealous heart is bent.
celestial light displays;
to simplest minds conveys,
and faintest with desire,
the sacred skill acquire.
who thy relief implore;
who thy blest name adore.
let all my footsteps be;
dominion have o'er me.
from persecuting hands,
and practise thy commands.
Lord, make thy face to shine;
my heart with zeal incline.
whence bring rivers flow,
in bold defiance go.

T S A D D I.

137 Thou art the righteous judge, in whom wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord, in all respects are just.
138 Most just and true those statutes were, which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd succeeding times shall see.

P S A L M CXIX.

139 With zeal my flesh consumes away,	my soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes condemn, at once,	thy promises and threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine,	(howe'er by them despis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal truth	by me, thy servant, priz'd.
141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate,	contempt from all I find ;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive	thy precepts from my mind.
142 Thy righteousness shall then endure,	when time itself is past ;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth	which shall for ever last.
143 Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread	to compass me unite,
Beset with dangers, still I make	thy precepts my delight.
144 Eternal and unerring rules	thy testimonies give,
Teach me the wisdom, that will make	my soul for ever live.

K O P H.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd,	Lord, hear my earnest cry ;
And I thy statutes to perform	will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,	O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies thoroughly know,	and stedfastly obey.
147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day	prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whose engaging word	my hope alone rely'd.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before	the midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word	might perfect knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,	and wonted favour shew ;
O quicken me, and so approve	thy judgments ever true.
150 My persecuting foes advance	and hourly nearer draw,
What treatment can I hope from them	who violate thy law ?
151 Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is,	thou, Lord, art yet more near,
Thou, whose commands are righteous all,	thy promises sincere.
152 Concerning thy divine decrees	my soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth	to endless ages hold.

R E S C H.

153 Consider my affliction, Lord,	and me from bondage draw ;
Think on thy servant in distress,	who ne'er forgets thy law.
154 Plead thou my cause, to that and me	thy timely aid afford ;
With beams of mercy quicken me	according to thy word.
155 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st	salvation far away ;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them	who from thy statutes stray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are	to all who thee adore ;
According to thy judgments, Lord,	my fainting hopes restore.
157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes	against my life combine ;
But all too few to force my soul	thy statutes to decline.
158 Those bold transgressors I beheld,	and was with grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious pride	thy cov'nant they transgress'd.
159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,	how I thy precepts love ;
O therefore quicken me with beams	of mercy from above.
160 As from the birth of time thy truth	has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm	to endless ages last.

S C H I N.

161 Tho' mighty tyrants, without cause,	conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has pow'r alone	to fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breast	with heav'nly rapture warms,
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,	have such transporting charms.
163 Perfidious practices and lies	I utterly detest ;
But to thy laws affection bear,	too vast to be express'd.
164 Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice,	thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all	with truth and justice crown'd.
165 Secure, substantial peace have they	who truly love thy law ;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,	nor frowning danger awe.
166 For thy salvation I have hop'd,	and, though, so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care	all thy commands obey'd.
167 Thy testimonies I have kept,	and constantly obey'd ;
Because the love I bore to them	thy service easy made.
168 From strict observance of thy laws	I never yet withdrew,
Convinc'd that my most secret ways	are open to thy view

PSALM CXX, CXXI, CXXII.

T A U.

169 To my request and earnest cry
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
170 Let my repeated pray'r at last
According to thy plighted word,
171 Then shall my grateful lips return
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
172 My tongue the praises of thy word
Because thy promises are all
173 Let thy almighty arm appear
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd
174 My soul has waited long to see
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
175 Prolong my life, that I may sing
Whose justice from the depth of woes
176 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd, till I
'Thou, therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,

attend, O gracious Lord;
according to thy word.
before thy throne appear;
for my relief draw near.
the tribute of their praise,
and taught me thy just ways.
shall thankfully resound,
with truth and justice crown'd.
and bring me timely aid;
my heart's free choice have made.
thy saving grace restor'd;
thy heav'nly laws afford.
my great restorer's praise;
my fainting soul shall raise.
despair my way to find;
who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

IN deep distress I oft have cry'd
To rescue me, oppress'd with wrongs;
2 Once more, O Lord, deliverance send,
from lying lips my soul defend,
And from the rage of slander tongues.
3 What little profit can accrue,
and yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue, to thee!
4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn;
of lasting flames that fiercely burn
The constant fuel thou shalt be.
5 But O! how wretched is my doom,
who am a sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desert soil!
With Keder's wicked tents inclos'd,
to lawless savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but theft and spoil.
6 My hapless dwelling is with those
who peace and amity oppose,
And pleasure take in others harms:
7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek;
but when to them of peace I speak,
They straight cry out, To arms, to arms.

PSALM CXXI.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
from thence expecting aid;
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
thy guardian will not sleep;
4 His watchful care, that Israel guards,
will Israel's monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
thou shalt securely rest,
6 Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee
by day or night molest.
7 From common accidents of life
his care shall guard thee still;
From the blind strokes of chance and foes,
that lie in wait to kill.
8 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage
safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

O'Twas a joyful sound to hear
our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Isr'el to the temple-haste,
and keep your festival day.
2 At Salem's court we must appear
with our assembled pow'rs;
3 In strong and beauteous order rang'd
like her united tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither, by divine command,
the tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
his name with praise and pray'r.
5 Tribunals stand erected there,
where equity takes place,
There stand the courts and palaces
of royal David's race.
6 O pray we then for Salem's peace,
for they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!)
who bear true love to thee.
7 May peace within thy sacred walls
a constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
thy palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends,
no less than brethren dear,
I'll pray,—May peace in Salem's tow'rs
a constant guest appear.
9 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
and ever with thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII, CXXIV, CXXV, CXXVI, CXXVII, CXXVIII.

PSALM CXXIII.

ON thee, who dwell'st above the skies, for mercy wait my longing eyes;
 2 As servants watch their master's hands, and maids their mistress's commands.
 3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord, thy gracious aid to us afford,
 To us, whom cruel foes oppress, grown rich and proud by our distress.

PSALM CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord (may Israel say) been pleas'd to interpose;
 2 Had he not then espous'd our cause, when men against us rose,
 3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive, and rag'd without control;
 Their spite and Pride's united floods, had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.
 6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord, who rescu'd us that day,
 Nor to their savage jaws gave up, our threat'ned lives a prey.
 7 Our soul is like a bird escap'd, from out the fowler's net;
 The snare is broke their hopes are cross'd, and we at freedom set.
 8 Secure in his almighty name, our confidence remains,
 Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth, of both sole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust, like Sion's rock shall stand,
 Like her immoveable be fix'd, by his almighty hand.
 2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side, Jerusalem inclose:
 So stands the Lord around his saints, to guard them from their foes.
 3 The wicked may afflict the just, but ne'er too long oppress,
 Nor force him by despair to seek, base means for his redress.
 4 Be good, O righteous God, to those, who righteous deeds affect:
 'The heart that innocence retains, let innocence protect.
 5 All those, who walk in crooked paths, the Lord shall soon destroy;
 Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints, with lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN Sion's God her sons recall'd from long captivity,
 It seem'd at first a pleasing dream, of what we wish'd to see.
 2 But soon in unaccustom'd mirth, we did our voice employ,
 And sung our great Restorer's praise, in thankful hymns of joy.
 Our Heathen foes repining stood, yet were compell'd to own,
 That great and wond'rous was the work, our God for us had done.
 3 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great, much more should we confess;
 The Lord has done great things, whereof we reap the glad success,
 4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord, of Israel's captive bands,
 More welcome than refreshing show'rs, to parch'd and thirsty lands.
 5 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears, may see our labours thrive,
 'Till finish'd with success, to make, our drooping hearts revive.
 6 Tho' he despond that sows his grain, yet doubtless he shall come
 To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring his joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

WE build with fruitless cost, unless the Lord the pile sustain;
 Unless the Lord the city keep, the watchman wakes in vain.
 2 In vain we rise before the day, and late to rest repair,
 Allow no respite to our toil, and eat the bread of care.
 3 Supplies of life, with ease to them, he on his saints bestows;
 He crowns their labours with success, their nights with sound repose.
 4 Children, those comforts of our life, are presents from the Lord:
 He gives a num'rous race of heirs, as Piety's reward.
 5 As arrows in a giant's hand, when marching forth to war;
 Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth, their parents safe-guard are.
 6 Happy the man whose quiver's fill'd, with these prevailing arms;
 He needs not fear to meet his foe, at law, or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

THE man is blest who fears the Lord, not only worship pays,
 But keeps his steps confin'd with care, to his appointed ways,
 2 He shall upon the sweet returns, of his own labour feed;
 Without dependence live, and see his wishes all succeed.

PSALM CXXIX, CXXX, CXXXI, CXXXII.

2 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
 His children, like young olive plants,
 4, 5 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
 And grant him all his days to see
 6 He shall live on, 'till heirs from him
 Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state,

her lovely fruit shall bring;
 about his table spring.
 him Zion's God shall bless,
 Jerusalem's success.
 descend with vast increase;
 and more in Israel's peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

FROM my youth up, may Israel say,
 2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy traits,
 3 They oft have plow'd my patient back
 4 But our just God has broke the chains,
 5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout
 Their righteous doom, who Zion hate,
 6 Like corn upon our houses tops,
 Which too much heat, and want of root
 7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
 Nor binder thinks it worth his pains
 8 No traveller that passes by
 To give it one kind look, or crave

they oft have me assail'd;
 but never quite prevail'd;
 with furrows deep and long;
 and rescu'd us from wrong.
 be still the doom of those,
 and Zion's God oppose.
 untimely let them fade;
 have blasted in the blade.
 but unregarded leaves;
 to fold it into sheaves;
 vouchsafes a minute's stop,
 Heav'n's blessing on the crop.

PSALM CXXX.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
 2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 3 should'st thou severely judge,
 4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 5 My soul with patience waits
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 6 My longing eyes look out
 More duly than the morning watch
 7 Let Israel trust in God,
 The plenteous source and spring, from whence
 8 Whose friendly streams to us
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse

to God I sent my cry;
 and graciously reply.
 who can the trial bear?
 and quite renounce thy fear.
 for thee the living Lord;
 thy never-failing word.
 for thy enliv'ning ray;
 to spy the dawning day.
 no bounds his mercy knows;
 eternal succour flows.
 supplies in want convey;
 and wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

O Lord, I am not proud of heart,
 Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
 2 With infant innocence thou know'st
 Compos'd to quiet, like a babe
 3 Like me let Israel hope in God,
 Both now and ever trust in him,

nor cast a scornful eye;
 in things for me too high.
 I have myself demean'd;
 that from the breast is wean'd.
 his aid alone implore;
 who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

LET David, Lord, a constant place
 Let all the sorrows he endur'd
 2 Remember what a solemn oath
 How to the mighty God he vow'd,
 3, 4 I will not go into my house,
 No soft repose shall close my eyes,
 5 'Till for the Lord's design'd abode
 'Till I a decent place of rest
 6 Th' appointed place with shouts of joy.
 And made the wood and neighb'ring fields
 7 O with due reverence let us then
 And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
 8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
 Be that, not only with thy ark,
 9, 10 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness
 And, for thy servant David's sake,
 11 God swear to David in his truth,
 One of thy offspring after thee
 12 And if thy feed my cov'nant keep,
 Their children too upon thy throne
 13, 14 For Zion does in God's esteem
 His place of everlasting rest

in thy remembrance find;
 be ever in thy mind
 to thee, his Lord, he swore;
 whom Jacob's sons adore.
 nor to my bed ascend;
 nor sleep my eye-lids bend:
 I mark the destin'd ground;
 for Jacob's God have found.
 at Ephrata we found,
 our glad applause resound.
 to his abode repair;
 pour out our humble pray'r.
 thy constant place of rest;
 but with thy presence blest.
 righteousness make thou thy saints rejoice;
 hear thy anointed's voice.
 (nor shall his oath be vain)
 upon thy throne shall reign.
 and to my laws submit;
 for evermore shall sit.
 all other seats excel;
 where he desires to dwell.

PSALM CXXXIII, CXXXIV, CXXXV, CXXXVI.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase,
Her faints shall shout for joy, her priests
17 There David's pow'r shall long remain
And my anointed servant there
18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes
Whilst with confirm'd success, his crown

her poor with plenty blefs;
my saving health confests.
in his successive line;
shall with fresh lustre shine.
confusion shall o'erspread;
shall flourish on his head.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

HOW vast must their advantage be!
Who live like brethren, and consent
2 True love is like that precious oil,
Rap down his beard, and o'er his robes
3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
Or like the early drops that fall
4 For God to all whose friendly hearts
Has firmly promis'd length of days

how great their pleasure prove!
in offices of love!
which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
its costly moisture shed.
on Hermon's top distil;
on Zion's fruitful hill.
with mutual love abound,
with constant blessings crown'd.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

BLESS God ye servants that attend
That in his temple, night by night,
2, 3, Within his house lift up your hands,
From Zion blefs thy Israel, Lord,

upon his solemn state;
with humble reverence wait.
and blefs his holy name;
who Heav'n and Earth didst frame.

P S A L M CXXXV.

O Praise the Lord with one consent,
Let all the servants of the Lord
2 Praise him all ye that in his house
With those that to his outmost courts
3 For this our truest interest is,
And with loud songs to blefs his name,
4 For God his own peculiar choice
And Isr'el's offspring for his own
5 That God is great, we often have
And seen how he, with wond'rous pow'r,
6 For he with unresisted strength
In Heav'n and Earth and watry stores,
7 He raises vapours from the ground,
Fall down at last in show'rs thro' which
8 He from his store-house brings the wind;
The first-born slew of man and beast,
9 He dreadful signs and wonders shew'd
Nor Pharaoh could his plague escape,
10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote
Sion and Og, and all besides
12, 13 The land upon his chosen race
For which his fame shall always last,
14 For God shall soon his people's cause
Repent him of his wrath and turn
15 Those idols whose false worship spreads
Are made of silver and of gold
16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,
18 As senseless as themselves are they
To make them, or in dangerous times
19 Their just returns of thanks to God
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race
20 Their sense of his unbounded love
And let all those that fear the Lord
21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,

and magnify his name;
his worthy praise proclaim.
attend with constant care;
with humble zeal repair.
glad hymns of praise to sing;
a most delightful thing.
the sons of Jacob makes;
most valu'd treasure takes.
by glad experience found;
above all gods is crown'd.
performs his sov'reign will;
that Earth's deep caverns fill.
which, pois'd in liquid air,
his dreadful light'nings glare.
and he with vengeful hand,
thro' Egypt's mourning land,
thro' stubborn Egypt's coasts;
nor all his num'rous hosts.
and mighty kings suppress'd:
who Canaan's land possess'd.
he firmly did entail;
his praise shall never fail.
with pitying eyes survey;
his kindled rage away.
o'er all the heathen lands,
the work of human hands.
nor see with polish'd eyes;
no breath their mouth supplies.
that all their skill apply
on them for aid rely.
let grateful Israel pay;
to blefs the Lord delay.
let Levi's house express;
his name for ever blefs.
in Sion's courts proclaim:
exalt his holy name.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
To him due praise afford,
For God does prove
His boundless love
2, 3 To him whose wond'rous pow'r
Whom earthly kings adore,

your joyful thanks repeat:
as good as he is great.
our constant friend,
shall never end.
all other gods obey,
this grateful homage pay.

For God, &c.

4, 5, By

P S A L M CXXXVII, CXXXVIII.

- 4, 5 By his almighty hand
The Heav'ns by his command
For God, &c.
6 He spreads the ocean round
And made the rising ground
For God, &c.
7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did display
The Sun to rule by day,
For God, &c.
10, 11, 12 He struck the first-born dead
And thence his people led
For God, &c.
13, 14 By him the raging sea,
Disclos'd a middle way,
For God, &c.
15 Where soon he overthrew
Who, daring to pursue,
For God, &c.
16, 17, 18 Thro' deserts vast and wild
And famous princes foil'd,
For God, &c.
19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand
And Og, whose stern command
For God, &c.
21, 22 And of his wond'rous grace,
He gave to Israel's race,
For God, &c.
23, 24 He in our depth of woes,
And from our cruel foes
For God, &c.
25, 26 He does the food supply
To God, who reigns on high,
For God will prove
His boundless love
- amazing works are wrought,
were to perfection brought.
about the spacious land;
above the waters stand.
his num'rous hosts of light;
the Moon and Stars by night.
of Egypt's stubborn land;
with his refitless hand.
as if in pieces rent,
thro' which his people went.
proud Pharaoh and his host,
were in the billows lost.
he led the chosen seed;
and made great monarchs bleed.
great Ammon's sceptre sway'd,
rich Bathan's land obey'd.
their lands whom he destroy'd,
to be by them enjoy'd.
on us with favour thought;
in peace and safety brought.
on which all creatures live;
eternal praises give.
our constant friend;
shall never end.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

- WHEN we our wearied limbs to rest, fat down by proud Euphrates' stream;
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd, and Sion was our mournful theme.
2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung on willow trees that wither'd there.
3 Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd to triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd, "Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."
4 How shall we tune our voice to sing? or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God our king be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
5 O Salem, our once happy seat! when I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget the speaking strings with art to move!
6 If I to mention thee forbear, eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air 'till thy deliv'rance is my song.
7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race, in thy own city's fatal day,
Cry'd out, "Her stately walls deface, and with the ground quite level lay."
8 Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be of grief and woe the wretched prey,
Blest is the man who shall to thee, the wrongs thou lay'st on us, repay,
9 Thrice blest who with just rage possest, and deaf to all the parents' moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast, and dash their heads against the stones.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

- WITH my whole heart, my God and king, thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with joy I'll sing, and blest thy holy name.
2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat, and with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat, o'er all thy works admir'd.
3 Thou graciously inclin'd'st thine ear, when I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was prest with fear, didst inward strength supply.
4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince thy name with praise pursue;
Whom these admir'd events convince, that all thy works are true.

5 They

P S A L M CXXXIX, CXL.

5 They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,
 And all thy glorious acts record,
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
 The proud far off his scornful eye
7 Tho' I with troubles am oppress'd,
 Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
 And, mindful of his favours past,
 with cheerful songs shall bless;
 thy awful pow'r confess;
 does thence the poor respect;
 beholds with just neglect.
 he shall my foes disarm,
 and keep me safe from harm.
 shall fix my happy state;
 shall his own work complete.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

1, 2 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known my rising up and lying down;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee, known long before conceiv'd by
3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys, my public haunts and private ways; [me.
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent, my yet unutter'd words intent.
5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
6 O kill, for human reach too high!
7 O could I so perfidious be,
10 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
8 If up to Heav'n I take my flight, 'tis there thou dwel'st enthron'd in light;
 Or dive to Hell's infernal plains, 'tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning's wing could gain,
10 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
11 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
 One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
12 The veil of night is no disguise, no screen from thy all-searching eyes;
 Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy way, as in the blazing noon of day.
13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
 Each single thread in Nature's loom,
14 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
 The wonders thou in me hast shown,
15 Thine eyes my substance did survey
 In secret how exactly wrought,
16 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,
 Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
 Each morn, revising what I've done,
19 The wicked thou shalt slay, O God;
20 Whole tongues Heav'n's Majesty profane,
21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew,
 And does not grief my heart oppress,
22 Who practise enmity to thee,
 Such men I utterly detest,
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
 Correct me where I go astray

P S A L M CXL.

PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes
2 And from the sons of violence,
3 Their stand'ring tongue the serpent's sting
 Between their lips the gall of asps
4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands,
 A prey to sons of violence,
5 The proud for me have laid their snare,
 With traps and gins where'er I move,
6 But thus environ'd with distress,
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
7 O Lord, the God, whose saving strength
 And cover'd my advent'rous head
8 Permit not their unjust designs
 Lest they encouraged by success
9 Let first their chiefs the sad effects
 The blast of their envenom'd breath
 of treacherous intent;
 on open mischief bent.
 in sharpness does exceed;
 and adds venom breed.
 nor leave my soul forlorn,
 who have my ruin sworn.
 and spread their wily net;
 I find my steps beset.
 thou art my God, I said;
 that calls to thee for aid.
 kind succour did convey;
 in battle's doubtful day.
 to answer their desire;
 to bolder crimes aspire.
 of their injustice mourn;
 upon themselves return.

P S A L M CXLI, CXLII, CXLIII.

10 Let them, who kindled first the flame,
The pit they digg'd for me be made
11 Tho' Slander's breath may raise a storm,
Their rage does but the torrent swell,
12 God will assert the poor man's cause,
The just shall celebrate his praise,

its sacrifice become;
their own untimely tomb.
it quickly will decay;
that bears themselves away.
and speedy succour give;
and in his presence live.

P S A L M CXLI.

TO thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,
And with accustom'd pray'r hear
2 Instead of off'rings let my pray'r
My lifted hands supply the place
3 From hasty language curb my tongue,
Still keep the portal of my lips
4 From wicked men's designs and deeds
Nor let me in the booty share
5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
And in return my fervent pray'r
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
6 When sculking in Engeddi's rock,
If one reproachful word I spoke,
7 Yet us they persecute to death,
As thick as from the hewer's axe
8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct
O leave not destitute my soul,
9 Do thou preserve me from the snares,
Let them in their own nets be caught,

O haste to my relief;
the accents of my grief.
like morning incense rise;
of ev'ning sacrifice.
and let a constant guard
with wary silence bar'd.
my heart and hands refrain;
of their unrighteous gain.
and I shall think them kind;
I their reproof shall find.
I shall for them address,
like me, to sore distress,
I to their chiefs appeal,
when I had pow'r to kill.
our scatter'd ruins lie
the sever'd splinters fly.
my supplicating eyes;
whose trust on thee relies.
that wicked hands have laid;
while my escape is made.

P S A L M CXLII.

TO God with mournful voice
2 Made him the umpire of my cause,
3 Thou didst my steps direct,
For where I thought to walk secure,
4 I look'd, but found no friend
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
5 To God, at last, I pray'd,
My portion in the land of life,
6 Reduc'd to greatest straits,
O! save me from oppressing foes,
7 That I may praise thy name,
Whilst of thy kind regard to me

in deep distress I pray'd;
my wrongs before him laid.
when my griev'd soul despair'd;
they had their traps prepar'd.
to own me in distress;
his pity or redress.
thou, Lord, my refuge art;
'till life itself depart.
to thee I make my moan;
for me too pow'ful grown.
my soul from prison bring;
assembled saints shall sing.

P S A L M CXLIII.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
For in thy sight no living man
3 The spiteful foe pursues my life,
He drives me into caves, as dark
4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
My mournful heart grows desolate,
5 I call to mind the days of old,
My former dangers and escapes
6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
7 Hear me with speed, my spirit fails;
Lest I become forlorn, like them
8 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Teach me the way where I should go;
9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
A safe retreat against their rage
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Let thy good spirit lead and keep

thy wonted audience lend;
a gracious answer send.
thy servant to be try'd;
can e'er be justify'd.
whose comforts all are fled;
as mansions of the dead.
and sinks within my breast;
with heavy woes oppress.
and wonders thou hast wrought;
employ my musing thought.
I fervently stretch out;
like land oppress'd with drought.
thy face no longer hide;
that in the grave reside.
whose trust on thee depends;
my soul to thee ascends.
preserve and set me free;
my soul implores from thee.
instruct me to obey;
my soul in thy right way.

P S A L M CXLIV, CXLV.

11 O for the sake of thy great name,
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd
12 In pity to my sufferings, Lord,
Slay them that persecute a soul

revive my drooping heart;
thy promis'd aid impart.
reduce my foes to shame;
devoted to thy name.

P S A L M CXLIV.

FOR ever bless'd be God the Lord,
At once both strength and skill afford
2 His goodness is my fort and tow'r,
In him I trust, whose matchless pow'r

who does his needful aid impart,
to wield my arms with warlike art.
my strong deliverance and my shield;
makes to my sway fierce nations yield.

3 Lord, what's in man, that thou should'st
What in his offspring could thee move

love such tender care of him to take?
such great account of him to make?
his thoughts but empty are and vain,
of whose short stay no signs remain.

4 The life of man does quickly fade;
His days are like a flying shade,

whilst Heav'n its lofty head inclines;
of thy approach the awful signs.

5 In solemn state, O God, descend,
The smoking hills asunder rend,

and make my scatter'd foes retreat:
and their destruction soon complete.

6 Discharge thy dreadful lightnings round,
Them with thy pointed arrows wound,

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
And snatch me from the stormy rage
Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who, tho' in solemn leagues they close, their

thy boundless pow'r my foes to quell,
of threat'ning waves, that proudly swell.
who utter speeches false and vain;
their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.

9 So I to thee, O King of kings,
And instruments of various strings,

in joyful hymns my voice shall raise;
shall help me thus to sing thy praise.
to them his sure salvation sends;
his servant David still defends."

10 "God does to kings his aid afford,
"Tis he, that from the murd'ring sword

11 Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who, tho' in solemn leagues they close, their
12 Then our young sons like trees shall grow
Our daughters shall like pillars show,

who utter speeches false and vain;
their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.
well planted in some fruitful place;
design'd some royal court to grace.

13 Our garners, fill'd with various store,
Our sheep, increasing more and more, shall

shall us and ours with plenty feed,
thousands and ten thousands breed.

14 Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow,
Whilst we no war nor slav'ry know,

nor in their constant labour faint;
and in our streets hear no complaint,

15 'Thrice happy is that people's case,
Who God's true worship still embrace,

whose various blessings thus abound;
and are with his protection crown'd.

P S A L M CXLV.

1, 2 **T**HEE I'll extol my God and King,
Thy tribute daily I will bring,
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
Thy majesty, with boundless height,

thy endless praise proclaim;
and ever bless thy name.
and highly to be prais'd;
above our knowledge rais'd.

4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
From age to age thy glorious name

to future times extends;
successively descends.

5, 6 Whilst I thy glory and renown
The world with me thy might shall own,

and wondrous works express;
and thy great pow'r confess.

7 The praise, that to thy love belongs,
Thy truth of all their grateful songs

they shall with joy proclaim;
shall be the constant theme.

8 The Lord is good, fresh acts of grace
His anger moves with slowest pace,

his pity still supplies;
his willing mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy love thro' Earth extends its fame,
These shew thy praise whilst thy great name

to all thy works express'd:
is by thy servants blest'd.

11 They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,

shall of thy kingdom speak;
their lofty subject make.

12 God's glorious works of ancient date
And thus his kingdom's royal state

shall thus to all be known;
with public splendor shown.

13 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
His boundless sway no end shall see,

shall stand for ever fast;
but time itself out last.

The Second Part.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall, and makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
16 Whate'er their various wants require,
And so fulfils the just desire

who timely food supplies.
with open hand he gives;
of ev'ry thing that lives.

P S A L M CXLVI, CXLVII, CXLVIII.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how just !
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
19 He grants the full desires of those,
And all their troubles soon compose,
20 The Lord preserves all those with care,
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
21 My time to come, in praises spent,
And all mankind, with one consent,

how righteous all his ways !
for his assistance prays !
who him with fear adore ;
when they his aid implore.
whom grateful love employs ;
with furious rage destroys.
shall still advance his fame ;
for ever bless his name.

P S A L M CXLVI.

1, 2 **O** Praise the Lord, and thou, my soul, for ever bless his name ;
His wond'rous love, while life shall last, my constant praise shall claim :
3 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
4 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
And all their thoughts and vain designs
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
6 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth, and all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth,
7 The poor oppress'd, from all their wrongs,
He gives the hungry needful food,
8 By him the blind receive their sight,
With kind regard and tender love
9 The stranger he preserves from harm,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
10 The God, that does in Zion dwell,
From age to age his reign endures,

let none for aid rely ;
nor timely help apply.
and there neglected lie ;
together with them die.
for his protector takes ;
his constant refuge makes.
nor make his promise vain.
are eas'd by his decree :
and sets the pris'ners free.
the weak and fall'n he rears ;
he for the righteous cares.
the orphan kindly treats,
of wicked men defeats.
is our eternal king ;
let all his praises sing.

P S A L M CXLVII.

O Praise the Lord with hymns of joy,
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
2 His holy city God will build,
Bring back his people, tho' dispers'd
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
He tells the number of the stars,
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,
The meek he raises, and throws down
7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
8 He covers Heav'n with clouds, and thence
Thro' him, on mountain tops, the grass
9 He, savage beasts, that loosely range,
He feeds the ravens' tender brood,
10 He values not the warlike steed,
The nimble foot, that swiftly runs,
11 But he, to him that fears his name,
To him that on his boundless grace
12, 13 Let Zion and Jerusalem
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars,
14, 15 Thro' all their borders he gives peace,
He speaks the word, and what he wills
16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,
And hoary frost, like ashes spread,
17 When, join'd to these, he does his hail
Who can against his piercing cold
18 He sends his word which melts the ice ;
And soon the streams, congeal'd before,
19 By him his statutes and decrees
And still to Israel's chosen seed
20 No other nation this can boast,
'To heathen lands his oracles,

and celebrate his fame ;
to praise his holy name.
tho' level'd with the ground ;
thro' all the nations round.
and all their wounds dorth close ;
their several names he knows.
his widom has no bound ;
the wicked to the ground.
with grateful voices sing ;
and strike each warbling string.
refreshing rain bestows ;
with wond'rous plenty grows.
with timely food supplies ;
and stops their hungry cries.
but doth his strength disdain ;
no prize from him can gain.
his tender love extends ;
with stedfast hope depends.
to God their praise address ;
and does their children bless.
with finest wheat they're fed ;
is done as soon as said.
descend at his command ;
is scatter'd o'er the land.
in little morsels break ;
secure defences make ?
he makes his wind to blow ;
in plenteous currents flow.
to Jacob's sons were shown ;
his righteous laws are known.
nor did he e'er afford
and knowledge of his word.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

Hallelujah.

1, 2 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
His praise your song employ
Your voices raise,
And Seraphim

exalt your Maker's fame,
above the starry frame ;
ye Cherubim
to sing his praise.

D 2

3, 4 Thou

PSALM CXLIX, CL.

3, 4 Thou Moon, that rul'st the night, Ye glitt'ring Stars of light, His praise declare, And clouds that move	and Sun, that guid'st the day; to him your homage pay; ye Heav'ns above, in liquid air.
5, 6 Let them adore the Lord, By whose almighty word And all shall last His firm decree	and praise his holy name, they all from nothing came; from changes free; stands ever fast.
7, 8 Let Earth her tribute pay; And fish, that thro' the sea Fire, hail, and snow, And winds, that where	praise him ye dreadful whales, glide swift, with glitt'ring scales; and misty air, he bids them blow.
9, 10 By hills and mountains (all By cedars stately tall, By ev'ry beast, And fowl of wing,	in grateful concert join'd) and trees for fruit design'd; and creeping thing, his name be blest.
11, 12 Let all of royal birth, And judges of the Earth, In this design And hoary heads	with those of humble frame, his matchless praise proclaim; let youths with maids, with children join.
13 United zeal be shown, Whose glorious name alone Earth's utmost ends His glorious sway	his wond'rous fame to raise, deserves our endless praise. his pow'r obey; the sky transcends.
14 His chosen saints to grace, And favours Israel's race, O therefore raise And still rejoice	he sets them up on high, who still to him are nigh. your grateful voice, the Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2 O Praise ye the Lord, His praise in the great In our great Creator And children of Sion	prepare your glad voice, assembly to sing. let Israel rejoice; be glad in their king.
3, 4 Let them his great name With timbrel and harp Who always takes pleasure And with his salvation	extol in the dance; his praises express; his saints to advance, the humble to bless.
5, 6 With glory adorn'd To God, who their beds Their mouths fill'd with praises Whilst a two-edged sword	his people shall sing with safety does shield; of him their great King; their right hand shall wield.
7, 8 Just vengeance to take To punish those lands With chains, as their captives, With fetters of iron	for injuries past; for ruin design'd; to tie their kings fast, their nobles to bind.
9 Thus shall they make good, The dreadful decree Such honour and triumph O therefore for ever	when them they destroy, which God does proclaim: his saints shall enjoy, exalt his great name.

PSALM CL.

O Praise the Lord in that blest place, from whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his face unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
2 Praise him for all the mighty acts, which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts, with which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise, and gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring, and some with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various strings, with organs join'd, his praise advance.

5 Let them, who joyful hymns compose, to cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those that loudly sound on solemn days.
6 Let all, that vital breath enjoy, the breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ; let every creature praise the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

To God the Father, Son, and Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so to all eternity.

As the 100th Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old, is now, and shall be evermore.

As the old 112th, and the last part of the 123d Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God, whom Heav'n's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on Earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past, as now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

As Psalm 148.

To God the Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal three in one, all worship be address'd;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

As Psalm 149.

By angels in Heav'n of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon Earth, all praise be address'd.
To God in Three Persons, one God ever blest;
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.

H Y M N S.

VENI CREATOR.

First Metre.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come, and visit all the souls of thine;
Thou hast inspir'd our hearts with life; inspire them now with life divine.
Thou art the Comforter, the gift of God most high; the fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy, and holy unction from above.
Thy gifts are manifold; thou writ'st God's laws in ev'ry faithful heart:
The promise of the Father, thou dost heav'nly eloquence impart.
Enlighten our dark souls, 'till they thy love, thy heav'nly love embrace;
And (since we are by nature frail) assist us with thy saving grace.
Drive far from us the mortal foe, and grant us to have peace within;
'That with thy light and guidance blest, we may escape the snares of sin.
Teach us the Father to confess, and Son, who from the grave reviv'd;
And, with the Father and the Son, thee, Holy Ghost, from both deriv'd.
With thee, O Father, therefore may the Son who was from death restor'd,
And sacred Comforter, one God, to endless ages be ador'd.

VENI CREATOR.

Second Metre.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator come, inspire the souls of thine;
'Till ev'ry heart, which thou hast made, is fill'd with grace divine.
Thou art the Comforter, the gift of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy, and unction from above.
Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st God's laws in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou dost heav'nly speech impart.
Enlighten our dark souls, 'till they thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds (by nature frail) with thy celestial grace.

H Y M N S.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
That, by thy guidance blest'd, we may
Teach us the Father to confess,
And, with them both, thee, Holy Ghost,
With thee, O Father, therefore, may
And sacred Comforter, one God,
As in all ages heretofore
As now it is, and shall be so,

and give us peace within;
escape the snares of sin.
and Son from death reviv'd;
who art from both deriv'd.
the Son from death restor'd,
devoutly be ador'd;
has constantly been done,
when Time his course has run,

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

O God we praise thee, and confess
And everlasting Father art,
To thee all angels cry aloud;
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
O holy, holy, holy Lord,
The world is with the glory fill'd
The Apostles' glorious company,
With all the Martyrs' noble host,
The holy Church throughout the world,
'That thou eternal Father art,
'Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
Of never ceasing joy: O Christ,
The Father's everlasting Son,
'To save mankind, and didst not then
And, having overcome the sting
The gates of Heav'n to all, who firm

that thou the only Lord
by all the Earth ador'd.
to thee the powers on high,
continually do cry,
whom heav'nly hosts obey;
of thy majestic ray.
and prophets crown'd with light,
thy constant praise recite.
O Lord, confesses thee,
of boundless majesty.
and Holy Ghost the spring
of glory thou art king.
thou from on high didst come
disdain the virgin's womb.
of death, thou open'dst wide
in thy belief abide.

The Second Part.

Crown'd with the Father's glory, thou
Whence thou shalt come to be our judge,
O therefore save thy servants, Lord,
Nor let the purchase of thy blood,
We magnify thee day by day,
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day
Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord!
According as for mercy, we
In thee I have repos'd my trust,
Preserve me then from ruin here,
'To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory; as it was, is now,

at God's right hand dost sit;
to sentence or acquit.
whose souls so dearly cost;
thy precious blood, be lost.
and ever worship thee:
from sin and danger free.
to us thy grace extend,
on thee alone depend!
and ever shall do so;
and from eternal woe,
the God whom we adore,
and shall be evermore.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Morning Service.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
For angels no such love have known,
Good will to sinful men is shewn,
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
Let Heav'n and Earth in concert join,
Glory to God in highest strains,
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
When shall we reach those blissful realms
And learn of the celestial choir

and join th' angelic throng,
t' awake a cheerful song.
and peace on Earth is giv'n;
with messages from Heav'n.
his rising beams adorn;
to us a child is born.
in highest worlds, be paid;
and by our lives display'd.
where Christ exalted reigns?
their own immortal strains!

Evening Service.

HARK, the herald angels sing
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Joyful all ye nations rise,
With th' angelic host proclaim,

Hark, the herald angels sing, glory to the new-born King.
Christ by highest Heav'n ador'd,
Late in time behold him come,
Veil'd in flesh the godhead he,
Pleas'd as man with man appear,

Hark, the herald, &c.
Hail the Heav'n born prince of peace!
Light and life to all he brings,
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born to raise the sons of Earth,
Hark, the herald, &c.

glory to the new-born King,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
join the triumph of the skies,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Christ the everlasting Lord,
offspring of a virgin's womb:
hail th' incarnate deity:
Jesus our Immanuel here.

hail the son of righteousness!
ris'n with healing in his wings:
born that man no more may die;
born to give them second birth.

FOR

HYMNS.

FOR EASTER DAY.

First Hymn.

<p>SINCE Christ, our passover, is slain Let all with thankful hearts agree Not with the leaven, as of old, But with unfeign'd sincerity, Christ being rais'd by pow'r divine, Shall die no more, death shall on him For that he dy'd, 'twas for our sins But that he lives, he lives to God So count yourselves as dead to sin, And made, henceforth, alive to God, To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Be glory, as it was, is now,</p>	<p>a sacrifice for all; to keep the festival: of sin and malice fed; and truth's unleaven'd bread. and rescu'd from the grave, no more dominion have. he once vouchsaf'd to die; for all eternity. but graciously restor'd, through Jesus Christ our Lord. the God whom we adore, and shall be evermore.</p>
--	---

FOR EASTER DAY.

Second Hymn.

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd and made the first-fruits of the tomb;
 For as by man came death, by man did resurrection come.
 For as in Adam all mankind did guilt and death derive,
 So by the righteousness of Christ shall all be made alive.
 If then ye risen are with Christ, seek only how to get
 The things that are above, where Christ at God's right hand doth set.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God whom Heav'n's triumphant host,
 And suff'ring saints on Earth adore,
 Be glory, as in ages past, as now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself must be no more.

FOR THE SACRAMENT.

MY God, and is thy table spread, and doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led, and let them all thy sweetness know.
 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes, rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
 'Thrice happy he, who here partakes that sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
 Why are its dainties all in vain before unwilling hearts display'd?
 Was not for you the victim slain? are you forbid the children's bread?
 O! let thy table honour'd be, and furnish'd well with joyful guests!
 And may each soul salvation see, that here its sacred pledges tastes.
 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd, with hearts inflam'd let all attend,
 Nor, when we leave our father's board, the pleasure or the profit end,
 Receive thy dying churches, Lord, and bid our drooping graces live;
 And more, that energy afford, a Saviour's blood alone can give.

FOR THE MORNING.

AWAKE my soul, and with the sun thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise to pay thy morning sacrifice.
 Redeem thy mispent moments past, and live this day as if the last;
 Thy talents to improve take care, for the great day thyself prepare.
 Let all thy converse be sincere, thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways,
 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, and with the angels bear thy part;
 Who all night long unwearied sing high glory to th' eternal King.
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him above angelic host; praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BENEDICTUS; OR,

The SONG of *Zacharias*, Luke i. 68.

<p>NOW bless'd be Israel's Lord and God, Has visited his people's grief, And rais'd in faithful David's house 'E'er since the world itself began, To save us from our spiteful foes, Which he to Abr'am heretofore, That we, from fear and danger freed, And all our days, as in his sight,</p>	<p>whose mercy at our need and them from bondage freed; salvation, which of old, his prophets had foretold. and keep his oath in mind, and to our fathers sign'd; his temple may frequent; in holy life be spent.</p>
---	--

And

H Y M N S.

And thou, O child, shalt then be call'd
His message, and before his face
To give them light, who now in shades
And in the way that leads to peace,

God's prophet, to declare
his passage to prepare:
of night and death abide;
our footsteps safely guide.

MAGNIFICAT ; OR,

The SONG of the *Blessed Virgin*, Luke i. 46.

MY soul and spirit fill'd with joy,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
Me bless'd of God, the God of pow'r
Whose name is holy, and whose love
The proud, and all their vain designs,
He cast the mighty from their seat,
The hungry with good things are fill'd,
He sent his servant Isr'el help,
Which to our fathers heretofore
To Abr'am and his chosen seed

my God and Saviour praise,
his humble handmaid raise.
all ages shall confess;
his saints shall ever bless.
he quickly did confound;
the meek and humble crown'd,
the rich with hunger pin'd;
and call'd his love to mind.
by oath he did insure;
for ever to endure.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory; as it was, is now,

the God whom we adore,
and shall be evermore.

NUNC DIMITTIS ; OR,

The SONG of St. *Simeon*, Luke ii. 29.

LORD, let thy servant now depart
Since my expecting eyes have been
Which till this time thy favour'd saints,
Long since prepar'd, but now set forth
A light to shew the Heathen world
But O! the light and glory both
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory; as it was, is now

into thy promis'd rest,
with thy salvation blest;
and prophets only knew;
in all the people's view.
the way to saving grace;
of Isr'el's chosen race.
the God whom we adore,
and shall be evermore.

THE CREED.

I Stedfastly believe in God,
Who made this lower world, and all
And I believe in Jesus Christ,
Th' Almighty Father's only Son,
Conceiv'd by th' Holy Ghost, and of
By Pontius Pilate doom'd to bear
Was crucify'd, and for a time,
Descended into Hell; and rose
Ascended up to Heav'n; and there
From whence he shall return to judge
I likewise firmly do believe,
The holy universal church,
Forgiveness of repented sins,
The resurrection of the dead,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory; as it was, is now,

the Father of all might;
the glorious worlds of light.
the everlasting word;
and our most gracious Lord.
the Virgin Mary born;
most bitter pains and scorn;
both dead and bury'd lay;
to life on the third day;
at God's right hand is plac'd;
the quick and dead at last.
O Holy Ghost, in thee;
and saints' community.
(through Christ, our sacrifice)
and life that never dies.
the God whom we adore,
and shall be evermore.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

First Metre.

OUR Father, who in Heaven art,
Thy kingdom come: may we fulfil,
With equal cheerfulness and love
Give us this day our daily bread:
But with thy grace preserve us still
For thine the kingdom, and the pow'r,

thy name be hallow'd in each heart.
who dwell on Earth, thy heav'nly will,
as saints and angels do above.
us into no temptation lead:
from sin, and ev'ry thing that's ill.
and glory are for evermore.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Of saints and angels do adore,
It was, is now, and so shall be

the God whom all the sacred host
all glory be; as heretofore
to ages of eternity.

THE

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Second Metre

<p>OUR Father, who in Heaven art, Thy kingdom come; thy will be done As cheerfully as 'tis by those Lord, let thy bounty day by day As we forgive our enemies, Into temptation lead us not, For kingdom, power, and glory, all Thine from eternity they were,</p>	<p>all hallowed be thy name; throughout this earthly frame, who dwell with thee on high; our daily food supply thy pardon, Lord, we crave; but us from evil save. belong, O Lord, to thee; and thine shall ever be.</p>
---	--

THE LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

<p>O Lord, turn not thy face from me, Lamenting all my sinful life A gate which opens wide to those Shut not that gate against me, Lord, And call me not to strict account, For then my guilty conscience knows I need not to confess my life What I have been, and what I am; The circumstances of my crimes, Thou know'st them all; and more, much more than I can call to mind; Therefore, with tears, I come to beg For pardon, like a child that dreads So come I to thy mercy-gate, Imploping pardon for my sin, O Lord, I need not to repeat Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask, Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask, For mercy, Lord, is all my suit; To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Be glory; as it was, is now,</p>	<p>who lie in woeful state, before thy mercy-gate; that do lament their sin: but let me enter in. how I have sojourn'd here; how vile I shall appear. to thee who best can tell I know thou know'st it well. their number and their kind, of my offended God, his angry parent's rod. where mercy doth abound, to heal my deadly wound. the comfort I would have: the blessing I do crave. this is the total sum; Lord, let thy mercy come! the God whom we adore, and shall be evermore.</p>
--	---

SONG of the *Angels*, at the *Nativity* of our *Blessed Saviour*.

Luke ii. 8—15.

<p>WHILE shepherds watch their flocks by night, The Angel of the Lord came down, "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread Glad tidings of great joy I bring "To you in David's town, this day The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;— The heav'nly babe, you there shall find "All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, Thus speak the Seraph, and forthwith Of angels, praising God, and thus "All glory be to God on high, "Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men begin and never cease."</p>	<p>all seated on the ground, and glory shone around. had seiz'd their troubled mind) to you and all mankind: is born of David's line, and this shall be the sign; to human view display'd, and in a manger laid, appear'd a shining throng address'd their joyful song: and to the Earth be peace; and never cease."</p>
---	---

THREE HYMNS FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

HYMN I.

Out of the Revelation of St. John.

<p>THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r, Since all things by thy pow'r were made, and by thy bounty live. And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r, Glory and strength: who for our sins All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast, Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r, To him that sits upon the throne,</p>	<p>art worthy to receive; honour and wealth to gain, a sacrifice was slain. and ransom'd us to God, by thy most precious blood, by all in Earth and Heav'n, and to the Lamb be giv'n.</p>
--	---

HYMN II.

Revelation, Chap. xix.

<p>ALL ye who faithful servants are Both high and low, and small and great, Let us rejoice and render thanks Rejoice, rejoice! for now is come His bride herself has ready made, Which is her saints integrity, O therefore bless'd is every one, And holy supper of the Lamb,</p>	<p>of our Almighty King, his praise devoutly sing! to his most holy name; the marriage of the Lamb. how pure and white her dress! and spotless holiness. who to the marriage-feast, is call'd a welcome guest!</p>
--	---

HYMN III.

The Thanksgiving in the Church Communion Service.

TO God be glory, peace on Earth,
We bless, we praise, we worship thee,
And thanks for thy great glory give,
O Lord! God! heav'nly King! the God
And thou, begotten Son of God,
O Jesu Christ! God, Lamb of God!
Have mercy Thou, that tak'st the sins
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
O thou who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Thou, Lord,---who with the Holy Ghost,
In glory, of the Father art

to all mankind good-will!
and glorify thee still.
that fills our souls with light;
and Father of all might.
before all time begun;
the Father's only Son!
of all the world away!
and hear us when we pray!
upon the Father's throne,
who art the Holy One!
whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
most high for evermore.

GLORIA PATRI.

TO God, our benefactor, bring
Too small for an Almighty King,
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in one,
As was, and is, and shall be done,

the tribute of your praise;
but all that we can raise.
the God whom we adore;
when time shall be no more.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow; praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host: praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Directions about the Tunes and Measures.

ALL Psalms of this Version in the Common Measure of Eights and Sixes,
that is, where the first and third Lines of the single Stanza consist of eight
Syllables each, the second and fourth Lines of six Syllables each, may be sung to
any of the most usual Tunes, namely, York Tune, Windsor Tune, St. David's,
Litchfield, Canterbury, Martyr's, St. Mary's alias Hackney, St. Anne's Tune, &c.

As the Old 25th Psalm, may be sung the New 25, 31, 51, 67, 130, 142.

As the Old 113, the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 110, 113, 120.

As the Old 148, the 136, 148.

As the Old 104, the 149.

The Psalms in this Version of four Lines in a single Stanza, and eight Syllables
in each Line, (if Psalms of praise or cheerfulness) may properly be sung as the
Old 100th Psalm, or to the Tune of the Old 125th Psalm, Second Metre.

The Penitential or Mournful Psalms, in the same Measure, may be sung as
the Old 51st Psalm.

I OC 57

PRAYER ON ENTERING CHURCH.

ASSIST us, Lord, in these our Prayers and Supplications; and
grant that those things which we ask faithfully, we may obtain
effectually, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

WHEN THE SERVICE IS ENDED.

THANKS be to thy holy Name, most gracious God, for this
opportunity of attending thy public Service, and grant, O Lord
that neither our Inattention or want of Devotion may render our im-
perfect Petitions unacceptable in thy sight, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord

T A B L E

OF THE

WHOLE NUMBER OF THE PSALMS.

A	Psalm	L	Psalm
A GAINST all those that strive	35	Lord, save me, for thy glorious name	54
As pants the hart for cooling	42	Lord, hear my cry, regard my pray'r	61
At length, by certain proofs.	73	Lord, hear the voice of my complaint	64
B		Let all the lands with shouts of joy	66
Behold, O God, how heathen hofts	79	Let God, the God of battle, rise	68
Bless God, my soul	104	Lord, let thy just decrees the king	72
Bless God, ye servants that attend	134	Lord, thou hast granted to thy land	85
D		Lord, not to us, we claim no share	115
Defend me, Lord, from shame	31	Let David, Lord, a constant place	132
Do thou, O God, in mercy help	56	M	
Deliver me, O Lord, my God	59	My God, my God, why leav'st thou me	22
F		My crafty foe with flatt'ring art	36
For thee, O God, our constant praise	65	My soul for help on God relies	62
From my youth up, may Israel say	129	My soul inspir'd with sacred love	103
From lowest depths of woe	130	My soul with grateful thoughts	116
For ever bless'd be God the Lord	144	N	
G		No change of times shall ever shock	18
God is our refuge in distress	46	O	
Give ear, thou Judge of all the earth	55	O Lord, thou art my righteous judge	4
God in the great assembly stands	82	O Lord, my God, since I have plac'd	7
God's temple crowns the holy mount	87	O thou, to whom all creatures bow	8
H		O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry	28
How blest is he who ne'er consents	1	O Lord, our fathers oft have told	44
How many, Lord, of late are grown	3	O all ye people, clap your hands	47
How long wilt thou forget me, Lord	13	O God, who hast our troops	60
He's blest'd, whose sins have pardon	32	O God, my gracious God, to thee	63
Happy the man, whose tender care	41	O Lord, to my relief draw near	70
Have mercy, Lord, on me	51	O Israel's shepherd, Joseph's guide	80
Hear, O my people, to my law	78	O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	84
Hold not thy peace, O Lord our God	83	O Lord, the saviour and defence	90
He that has God his guardian made	91	O God, to whom revenge belongs	94
How good and pleasant must it be	92	O come, loud anthems let us sing	95
How blest are they who always keep	119	Of mercy's never-falling spring	101
Had not the Lord, may Israel say	124	O render thanks and bless	106
How vast must their advantage be	133	O render thanks to God above	106
I		O God, my heart is fully bent	108
Judge me, O Lord, for I the paths	26	O God, whose former mercies	109
I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord	30	O praise the Lord, for he is good	118
I waited meekly for the Lord	40	O 'twas a joyful sound to hear	122
Just Judge of Heav'n, against my foes	43	On thee who dwell 't above	123
In vain, O man of lawless might	52	O Lord, I am not proud of heart	131
In thee I put my steadfast trust	71	O praise the Lord with one consent	135
In Judah the Almighty's known	76	O praise the Lord, and thou	146
Jehovah reigns, let all the earth	97	O praise the Lord with hymns	147
Jehovah reigns, let therefore all	99	O praise ye the Lord	149
In deep distress I oft have cry'd	120	O praise the Lord in that blest place	150
L		P	
Lord, hear the voice of my complaint	5	Protect me from my cruel foes	16
Lord, who's the happy man that may	15	Praise ye the Lord, our God	111
Let all the just to God, with joy	33	Preserve me, Lord, from crafty foes	140
Let all the list'ning world attend	49	R	
		Resolv'd to watch o'er all my ways	39

A TABLE, &c.

S	Psalms	T	Psalms
Since I have plac'd my trust in God	11	Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song	89
Since godly men decay, O Lord	12	To God your grateful voices raise	107
Sure wicked fools must needs	14	The Lord unto my Lord thus spake	110
Speak, O ye judges of the earth	58	The man is blest who stands in awe	112
Save me, O God, from waves that roll	69	To Zion's hill I lift my eyes	121
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	96	The man is blest that fears the Lord	128
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	98	To God the mighty Lord	136
T		Thou, Lord, by strictest search	139
Thy dreadful anger, Lord, restrain	6	To thee, O Lord, my cries ascend	141
To celebrate thy praise, O Lord	9	To God with mournful voice	142
Thy presence why withdraw'st thou	10	Thee I will bless, my God and King	145
To my just plea, and sad complaint	17	W.	
The Heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,	19	With restless and ungovern'd rage	2
The Lord to thy request attend	20	Whom should I fear, since God to me	27
The king, O Lord, with songs of praise	21	While I the king's loud praise	45
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord	23	Why hast thou cast us off, O God?	74
This spacious earth is all the Lord's	24	With glory clad, with strength array'd	93
To God, in whom I trust	25	With one consent let all the earth	100
Through all the changing scenes	34	When I pour out my soul in prayer	102
Tho' wicked men grow rich or great	37	When Israel, by th' Almighty led	114
Thy chast'ning wrath, O Lord	38	With cheerful notes let all the earth	117
The Lord, the only God, is great	48	Who place on Zion's God their trust	125
The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God	50	When Zion's God her sons recall'd	126
The wicked fools must sure suppose	53	We build with fruitless cost	127
Thy mercy, Lord, to me extend	57	When we, our wearied limbs to rest	137
To bless thy chosen race	67	With my whole heart, my God	138
To thee, O God, we render praise	75	Y	
To God I cry'd, who to my help	77	Ye princes, that in might excel	29
To God, our never-failing strength	81	Ye saints and servants of the Lord	113
To my complaint, O Lord, my God	86	Ye boundless realms of joy	146
To thee, my God and Saviour, I	88		

HYMNS AT THE END OF THE PSALMS.

VENI CREATOR,—First and Second Metre.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS,—First and Second Part.

CHRISTMAS DAY,—Morning and Evening Service.

EASTER DAY,—First and Second Hymn.

HYMN for the Sacrament.

HYMN for the Morning.

I OC 57

BENEDICTUS.

MAGNIFICAT,—with GLORIA PATRI.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

THE CREED.

LORD'S PRAYER,—First Metre with GLORIA PATRI, and Second Metre.

LAMENTATION of a SINNER.

SONG of the ANGELS, &c.

For the HOLY COMMUNION,—First, Second, and Third Parts.

GLORIA PATRI.

F I N I S.

